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BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NEW LIFE.

As soon as the evening prayers were finished Assad repaired to the shop of the jeweller, and as soon as Khorasan saw him, he conducted him to an inner apartment, bidding him remain there for the present. The youth asked no questions, but entered a small room directly back of the shop, and there he remained some fifteen minutes alone. At the end of that time the door was carefully opened, and a female, closely veiled, entered. As soon as the door was closed behind her, she raised her veil, and revealed the beautiful features of Morgiana. Assad sprang forward and caught her in his arms, and she wept upon his bosom; but her tears were those of joy, and when they were brushed away, her face was beaming with smiles. There was no coyness now, for they both felt that some power above their own had brought them together, and that fate meant them for each other. Their deep love was the only medium through which they regarded each other, and that was so mighty in its moving power that they forgot that they had ever been strangers. Already were both their souls mingled into one.

"Have you seen Mokanna, yet?" asked Morgiana, as soon as the first transports of meeting had passed.

"Yes, I saw him this morning," returned Assad; and thereupon he went on and related all that had transpired in the old lamp-mender's shop.

"Ah, then let him help us at once," said Morgiana, "for we must leave Bagdad as soon as possible. I dare not trust myself to deceive either Hassan or his father, for I fear me that they would marry me at the appointed time if I were sick with the plague. Hassan knows that I love him not, for I have not the power to carry deception in my face. I cannot smile upon one whom I loathe, nor can I look calmly upon one whom I know to be most wicked. The day after to-morrow is the time set for our nuptials, and before that time we must flee from the city. You will not hesitate, my own heart's love?"

"No, Morgiana, not an instant. I surely owe my master nothing, for he has thus far had all the benefit of my powers of both mind and body; but I will return him my price if ever I am able. And now when can you find the best opportunity for escaping?"

"Let it be to-morrow night. By that time I can have all things arranged. You have some money?"

"A little," answered Assad, "perhaps a hundred pieces of silver; money which I have honestly earned and laid away. But that will carry us to some place of safety, and when once there, I can easily earn enough to support us very handsomely."

"I shall fear not on that account," said Morgiana, "for I can earn money, too. In all Bagdad there is not one who can work embroidery more beautifully than I can, and besides, I have now more than five hundred pieces of gold, besides many fine jewels."

"You mean the jewels I brought," remarked Assad.

"No, no," quickly returned the maiden. Those are in my possession, but I will not take them, for I cannot look upon them as mine, for they were given to me as a wedding bedeckment, and if I flee from the wedding, then I have no right to the jewels."

"You are right, my own loved one," replied Assad, with a look of pride. "Were I so inclined I could take as much gold as I could carry, and the Syndic should never miss it. But I will only take what is rightfully mine own. And now, can we meet before the appointed time?"

"There will not be much need," returned Morgiana; "and besides, it were safer not, for suspicion is a thing easily started, and we must be wary. You can see the old lamp-mender, and any assistance he has to render us he may then give."

"Right, beloved of my soul, your wit is more keen than mine. It shall be as you say."

"And now," said Morgiana, "where shall we meet?"

Assad thought a few moments, and then he said:

"Something bids me go to the north. In southern Arabia there is but little of health, while at the north, in Koordistan, the air is balmy and more bracing, and the people are bold and generous. To the north, then, we will flee. Mokanna's shop is near the northern quarter, and we may meet there. I will see him in the morning, and inform him of our intent."

"You meet me in your views completely," added Morgiana, with a smile, "for I, too, have had my mind turned to the north. In some of the strong cities there, I know we shall find friends, and where our enemies will never find us."

"Then let the matter rest as it is until to-morrow night, and then we will meet at Mokanna's shop," said Assad. "Any hour will suit me."

"I can be there before midnight," answered the maiden, "but I cannot tell exactly the hour."

At this moment the door opened, and Gulnare looked in.

"Our hour is up, my mistress," she said, "and we must be on our return."

The girl withdrew as soon as she had spoken, and Morgiana arose.

"My hour is up," she said, "and I must now return. Let us leave our love until we have more time for it."

She allowed Assad to embrace her, and having returned his kiss, she turned from the room, and shortly afterwards the youth followed her example.

On the next morning Assad was early at the shop of the lamp-mender, and he had the good fortune to find the old man there. As soon as he was assured that he was alone with the owner of the shop, he told what had been determined upon by Morgiana and himself. Mokanna listened patiently, and then he remained for some time in deep thought. At length raising his head he said,

"Your plan is a good one. Be here at the hour of midnight next coming, and I will be prepared to assist you. Let it not be later than that hour if you can avoid it. What companion will you take?"

"Morgiana will doubtless take her slave girl Gulnare, but I have none to follow me."

"Is there no one who would be willing to be your slave, and whom at the same time you can trust? for be assured that on such a journey as you must take, a faithful attendant would be of incalculable service."

"Then you would have us go at a great distance from here?" said Assad, speaking as though he were ready to follow the old man's directions implicitly. And in truth he was, for there was something in Mokanna's every look and tone which bespoke for him the perfect respect and confidence of those with whom he had dealings.

"Most assuredly, my son, you must go far from here, for of a verity you cannot be safe in a place where the rule of the Caliph Haroun is undisputed. You know that no emir of the faithful has so much influence with Haroun, as do the two syndics. The Syndic of the merchants is the very prince of the commander's wardrobe, and the Syndic of the money-changers is ever ready to accommodate him. In the expedition against the proud Roman, Nicephorus, he drew upon Elkader for fifteen thousand pieces of gold, and they were lent at once, and that, too, without interest, for well did the wily Syndic know that the act would increase his business ten-fold, as it really did. Of all his slaves, Elkader could spare the half better than you, and he will demand assistance of the caliph as soon as he finds you missing. He may even swear that you have robbed him of his gold. And so, too, would Ali Shir rather lose the half of all the rest of his slaves, than lose Morgiana, and he also will apply to the Commander of the Faithful for assistance. But can you think of the slave of which I spoke?"

"I know of but one, father, and that is Maroufi."

"You mean the gigantic black?"

"Yes, he loves me as though I were a part of his own soul."

"Then take him, and when he is gone I will send to the Syndic his price."

"But that will be enormous. Elkader has refused a thousand pieces of gold for him, for in all the country round about there is not another man so strong."

"Then so much the more need why you should have him. Take him with you, and when you are fairly gone, I will send to the Syndic two thousand pieces, so he shall not be robbed."

"But who shall find this money?" asked Assad, with a look of incredulity.

"I can find it, so rest under no apprehensions on that account."

"But why is this?" continued Assad, now moved by astonishment. "Who is it thus cares for me, and pours out money thus, even for a slave to serve me?"

"Let the fact that you have friends assure thee, my son," spoke the old man, somewhat sternly. "In due time you shall know all you could wish, but for the present you must be content with what you see. Be here, as I have said, and bring Maroufi with you."

"I obey," said Assad; and as he saw that Mokanna was making preparations to go out, he took his leave.

The youth's first movement upon reaching the dwelling of his master, was to seek Maroufi and call him to his own apartment.

"Maroufi," he said, "I am about to leave this place—to leave this country—"

"No, no!" quickly cried the black. "God forbid! If you go, whom shall I have to love and serve?"

"Hear me out, Maroufi. A friend has promised me that if I will take you with me, he will, when we are fairly gone, send to our master, two thousand pieces of gold as your price. Now what say you?"

"But, but, two enormous," uttered Maroufi, in utter astonishment, "twenty pieces of gold will pay for the best black slave in the market."

"That may be," returned Assad, with a smile, "but not the best black slave out of it. Slaves are like jewels. Here—see this diamond upon my finger—it is worth but five hundred half pieces of gold; yet a diamond twice as large, of the same purity, could not be bought for two thousand pieces."

"But why pay this sum at all, my master? I shall most assuredly follow thee, even unto death, yet let me do it upon my own account."

"No, no, Maroufi, I will take you, and yet our master shall not lose your price. We leave to-night, and you must be prepared to follow me an hour before midnight."

Maroufi was crazy with joy at this proposition, and were it not that his immense weight would have aroused the inmates below, he would have danced.

"To-night," said Assad, "you will bring home your load of gold for the last time, and then you can collect such things as you wish to take with you. We will meet here in this room before we start."

After this Assad went to the market of the money-changers, and a strange thrill went to his soul as he felt that this would be the last day of his service there; yet he betrayed no uncommon emotion to his master. The day passed away, and with a steady hand the youth set down the sums as they went out and came in. At length the duties of the day were closed. Assad put away his heavy parchment books and left the market-place. Maroufi swung the heavy bag upon his shoulder. It was heavier than usual, but the slave noticed it not, and his step was as light as though nought but empty air rested upon his shoulders.

Little dreamed the Syndic, as he saw Assad close the book, that the same hands would never open it again. And little dreamed he, as he saw Maroufi lightly swing the heavy sack upon his shoulder, that the stout black would carry the burden no more for him. The money-changer gazed around upon his companions, and he knew that they envied him in his possession of two such slaves.

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT.

Assad walked the floor of his chamber with quick and nervous steps, and ever and anon he stopped and looked out upon the moon which was rising slowly up in the eastern heavens. His sword was buckled to his side, and his garb was ready for the journey. The golden case was in his hand, and often would he stop by the small lamp that burned upon the table and look upon the sweet face that rested there. He raised it to his lips, and he pressed it to his heart, and anon he prayed to God for the peace and joy of the being he so wildly, fondly loved. The moments lagged as he had never known them to lag before, and it almost seemed that the moon had forgotten her way, and was standing still in her track. But the hours at length were gone. The moon had reached to within a few spans of the minaret of the nearest mosque, and Assad knew that in another hour 'twould be midnight. Just then the door softly opened, and Maroufi entered. The two stood still a moment and gazed each other in the face.

Assad turned towards the lamp, and it was just expiring. He had filled it so that its going out should mark the hour in case the moon and stars were clouded.

"Are you ready?" he asked of Maroufi.

"All ready, my master."

"Then let us away at once. The key of the river gate is in the lock, and we will depart by that way. Tread lightly, now."

Thus speaking, Assad opened the door and passed out, and with a noiseless tread he descended to the court, and from thence he easily made his way to the garden, only having to pass one door. He heard a slave girl singing in the Syndic's apartment, and in unison therewith was the sound of a lute, and he knew from this that Elkader had retired to his couch, for thus was it his custom to make his slaves lull him to repose with soft music. So Assad stepped more boldly and soon the deep foliage of the trees afforded him shelter from any eyes that might be peering forth from the dwelling. In a few moments the bank of the river was reached, and they soon afterwards came to the southern corner of the wall. Here they found the key in the lock of the gate, and quickly passed through into the street which skirted the river towards the south. They had passed on some distance, and were just upon the point of turning up from the river, when a sudden cry from the water, as of some one in distress, fell upon their ears. They stopped and listened, and it was soon evident that two men had by some means got into the river.

Assad hastened down to the water's edge, and by the light of the moon he could see two human beings struggling in the middle of the wide stream, and not far from them was an overturned boat.

"By Allah, who is all mercy," cried Assad, "we must not leave those two poor men to perish. Off with your coat and vest, Maroufi, and drop our gold upon them, and we will save these fellows if we can."

The stout black needed no second bidding, and while Assad threw off his outer clothing he did likewise. They both plunged into the water at the same time, and ere long they reached the drowning men. Assad seized one of them, and Maroufi seized the other, and then the black came to his master's assistance, for with his immense power, he was not only able to support his own man with one arm while he swam with the other, but he made Assad rest one hand upon his back. Thus they reached the shore in safety, and after some time spent in chafing the temples and breasts of the rescued men, they revived. They appeared to be two merchants of Balsora, and so thick was their clothing, and so cumbersome, that they must soon have sunk had not this timely aid arrived.

"Who art thou who hast thus preserved us?" asked the man whom Assad had brought, as soon as he was able to rise to his feet.

"Only an humble craftsman and his slave," answered Assad, not caring to have the truth known.

"And yet you have perilled your lives to save two humble merchants," returned the first speaker. "By Allah, thou art fair of feature, and thy slave is of most exceeding weight of limb."

The moon shone so brightly that 'twas easy to distinguish faces, and Assad saw that he who spoke was white with age, and stooping with infirmity. "Come ye to the shop of the merchant Aboukir on the day after to-morrow, and thou shalt be rewarded," the merchant concluded.

Assad thought that the quickest way to be rid of the men would be to promise, so he did so, and pleading business, he turned away. He had lost some time, and he had gained a wet skin, but in his soul he felt rewarded. Maroufi saw that his young master was content, and he, likewise, felt no regret. When they reached the spot where they had thrown off their outer clothing they stopped and put the garments on, and having secured the money and their weapons they hastened on.

Without further trouble they reached the shop of the lamp-mender, and upon knocking at the door they were admitted. In an inner apartment which was but meanly furnished, they found Morgiana and Gulnare, and the two lovers met with new signs of pure affection. The maiden noticed how cold her lover was, and she asked the cause, whereupon Assad related what had happened.

"Never mind," said Mokanna, "I have new clothing for thee, and thy wet garments you may leave for me to dry. Follow me, and you shall both have warmer clothing."

The old man led the way to another room, when Assad was presented with the garb of a merchant of Aleppo. It was a costly dress of the richest fabric, and adorned with gold and silver lace. For Maroufi the garb of a eunuch was prepared, and as soon as the change had been made the trio returned to where the women were. Assad would have admired his rich dress on any other occasion, but he thought nothing of it now.

"We have nothing more to do here," said Mokanna, "save to change your weapons, for those blades of Bagdad may betray you. I have some Damascus blades that are far better, and which will moreover be more seemly for those who come from Aleppo."

The old man took a lamp and passed into another room, and when he returned he brought with him two swords, one of them an exquisitely finished weapon of the ordinary size, and the other of such a size that he seemed almost to stagger beneath its weight. It was broad and heavy, and of exceeding length, but Maroufi took it as though it had been but a dagger, and girded it about his loins with a look of unfeigned pride and pleasure.

"Now," said the old man, "follow me as quickly as possible, for we have no time to spare." And thus speaking he led the way to the street, and took his course towards the gate of Abu Jaafar.

The distance was not far, and at the gate Mokanna easily gained egress. Beyond this was the open country, and ere long the lamp mender stopped at a small cot where an old man made his appearance. Assad recognized the owner of the cot as a poor fisherman who often came into the city to dispose of the proceeds of his nets, and whose name was Mahomed. He and Mokanna conversed apart a few moments, and then the guide turned to our hero, while the fisherman went off towards a small wood which could be seen in the moonlight at no great distance. The travelling party entered the cot at Mokanna's beck, and then the latter said:

"Now, Assad, you are about to leave this place, and you need to remember what I tell you. What has happened to thee thus far, is but the opening of a destiny which you must fulfil. It is not in my power to tell thee all that shall come to pass, for only the one living and true God knows that. Mahomed has now gone to bring the horses, and they are of a breed powerful and strong of endurance. Your road leads to the northward, but be sure that you leave Mosul well to the left hand. Travel to the eastward of it at least ten leagues, for if you are found there you will be in danger."

"How can danger threaten me there?" asked Assad, with astonishment. "I am not known there at all."

"You will be known if you venture into the city," resumed Mokanna, "and you will run the risk of danger if you pass near to it. You will find a good road near the borders of Persia, and when you are sure that you have left Mosul well to the westward, then you may turn your steps in again until you reach the little hamlet of Laban. This is some five-and-seventy miles from Mosul, to the northward, and there you will find a shelter, but be sure that you do not travel further north than that without advice from me, or from the man to whom I shall send you. When you reach Laban you will inquire for the sheik Abdalla, and to him you will give this letter. After that you will look to him for guidance, and you may rest assured that he will befriend you to the utmost of his power."

"But what is all this?" cried the youth, as he took the letter. "Who am I, that this danger should hang about me, and that a Koord sheik should be my friend? I had only hoped to escape from Bagdad that I might claim the pure being I love, but now, I find that dangers are all about me. I must keep clear of Mosul because there is danger there, and I must not go north of Laban because there is danger there also. Now what means all this? Will you not explain it?"

"I cannot, my son. Were I acting for myself, then I might speak more freely. I can only assure you that 'twill be for your highest good to follow my directions to the very letter. But here come the horses. To-night you will keep the polar star directly ahead, and on the morrow you can be guided by the sun. You may travel near two hundred miles in that direction, and then you must turn off to the right to avoid Mosul. Any of the merchants on the Persian borders will direct you to the hamlet of Laban, for that is one of their chief stopping places when among the mountains after game and furs. And, moreover, some years ago, a mine of diamonds was found there, though the supply was quickly exhausted. You understand all now."

Mahomed was now present, and Assad asked no more questions. He went to the door, and there he found four powerful horses, completely caparisoned for a journey.

"In the sack upon your saddle," said Mokanna, turning to Assad, you will find two thousand pieces of gold. That sum will be sufficient for your journey."

"But we have money enough already," returned the youth.

"Never mind; more may not come amiss. But see, the moon is well up, and ere many hours the sun will follow it. It is well that you should be at some distance from Bagdad ere that time."

As the old man thus spoke he pointed out Morgiana's horse, and as soon as Assad had helped her to mount, he leaped into his own saddle. Marouf lifted Gulnare to her seat, and when he saw that all else was ready he also mounted. Mokanna simply waved his hand, and the horses, as though they understood the signal, set off.

"God be with thee!" the old lamp-mender uttered. Assad turned and silently thanked him for the benediction; and then, drawing close to the side of Morgiana, he put spurs to his horse, and ere long the walls and minarets of Bagdad were lost to view.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORM AND THE MOUNTAIN GORGE!

As the soft moonlight fell upon Morgiana's features, they seemed almost divine in their transcendent loveliness, and, for a long while Assad gazed upon them with new and more potent emotions; for now the maiden was his, to care for and protect, and most willingly did he pledge his life for her safety. And the maiden, too, seemed moved by the new position in which she was placed, for ever and anon Assad met her soft, lovelit glances, and she made no attempt to conceal the love she had already freely acknowledged.

By-and-by the path opened into a wide sandy plain, and after Assad had made sure that he was moving in the right direction, he turned to his companion.

"Morgiana," he said, "what do you think of this?"

"To what do you allude, beloved of my soul?" turned the maiden, with a beaming look, for the voice of her loved one sent the blood rushing joyfully through her veins.

"I mean all that has happened to us from the moment when we first saw the pictures unto the present time."

"It is most strange, Assad, I cannot comprehend it. Surely the old lamp-mender is some strange person."

"Ay, beloved, he must be. He is a truthful man I know, and one generous. But do you remember what he said of our destiny?"

"Ay, I heard it all."

"And what think you of it?"

"Indeed, I must answer thee again as I answered before: I know not what to think. Only pardon me when I say that our strange meeting seems to speak of the destiny of united hearts between us."

"By Allah! O my beloved, are not our hearts most firmly united? even so that earth with all its powers shall not sunder the heavenly tie?"

Morgiana leaned towards the youth as she heard these soft words, and tears of joy gushed from her eyes.

"But thou art more witty than I," resumed Assad, "and thou must give me the whole of thy thoughts on this strange thing. Tell me what opinion you have conceived."

"I have had my ponderings," replied Morgiana, "and they have run something after this manner; Mokanna is not a native of Bagdad, for his speech betrays him, though he manages the idiom well. He is not of necessity a lamp-mender, either, for his manner showed a habit far above it. His speech shows him to be a man of sound sense and judgment, and of ready wit, and hence he never would have come to Bagdad and opened that humble shop but for some commensurate purpose. The manner of his giving those two pictures to us, showed that this was a purpose to him, and the fact that both the pictures are exactly alike in all things, save in that one contains your face, and the other mine, shows that the same hand fashioned them both, and that from the beginning they were meant for us. Then, what has since transpired proves that some one has purposed that we should escape from our masters in Bagdad, and the carelessness with which money is expended in the enterprise would seem to indicate that our friends are rich and powerful. And further, we have enemies at Mosul. That would seem to indicate that we are of more importance than we have heretofore been led to consider ourselves. Also, we are by no means to go north of Laban. So we must have enemies there. So much have I pondered, and, as you can see, it only serves to leave me in a mystic darkness as dense as that from whence I started."

"Ay, a thousand times more dense," responded Assad. "By Allah, it is most strange. And yet I put the fullest confidence in Mokanna."

"Most surely we must, for I am sure he is a man of truth."

So the two lovers rode on and conversed on the subject of their strange position, and the stranger shades of destiny that fell like shadows before them. Their horses were easy to ride, and their speed was good, and when the sun arose, Marouf, who rode ahead, discovered the walls of a city, and upon reaching the gates they found it to be El Bhan, a place governed by the Emir Mousfa. They found a khan where the merchants were in the habit of stopping, and here Assad assumed to be a merchant of Aleppo travelling twards Persia with his slaves. Morgiana and Gulnare both remained closely veiled until they reached their own private room, and Assad made excuse for retiring to rest at an hour when others were rising, by saying that he had lost his way on the previous evening, and had hence been obliged to travel all night. He and Marouf joined in the morning prayers, and then retired, Assad resting upon the couch, while the stout black lay down by the door with his drawn sword by his side.

Late in the day the party set out once more, and as soon as they were clear of the city they put their horses to a rapid pace, for they knew not but that couriers might arrive from Bagdad; and again they travelled all night. On the next morning, when the sun arose, they had the good fortune to find themselves near a village to the left of which were high mountains. Here they found food and rest, and when evening drew nigh again they once more set out. Assad saw that Morgiana was not at all affected by the labor of the journey, and he felt happy, for on his own account he held no care. He had refrained from taking any direction at the village, for fear of being followed should pursuers from Bagdad come; but at the end of an hour's journey, he saw a fisherman ahead with his net upon his shoulder, and he paused to ask of him the right way.

"Ask the way to Mosul," suggested Morgiana, "and then we shall not only know the direction we must take, but should any pursuer chance to overhaul this fisherman, he could only direct pursuit in the direction we asked for."

Assad thanked his companion for her suggestion, and asked the fisherman accordingly, and after this he pursued his way.

Just at nightfall the party entered a deep wood, but the road was plain, and they had no fear. In an hour longer night had settled darkly down. Assad looked up for the stars, but he could not see them, and he thought the deep wood hid them.

"We may soon come to an opening," he said, "where we can see the heavens; but of course there can be no danger, for we are on the right way, and our horses hesitate not."

"The air is growing cool," said Morgiana.

"Then let me shield thee," cried the youth, eagerly, at the same time drawing his mantle from his saddle-bow.

"No, no," quickly returned the maiden; "I am not cold. I only spoke because I feared the atmosphere was changing. If you will look sharply up, I think you will find that 'tis not the trees that hide the stars."

"Trees!" spoke Marouf, who had been riding ahead, and who now fell back, guided by the voices behind him. "By Allah, my master, they are trees of mist, and darkly growing in the heavens. Do you not see? They are clouds as black and big as mountains; and such sad clouds must needs weep ere long. By the tomb of the Prophet! we had better remained at the village."

Assad now looked up, and he found that it was in truth as Marouf had spoken. The clouds had piled themselves up darkly overhead, and in the distance the wind could be heard moaning with the voice of the storm-spirit.

"Strange," murmured Assad, "that they should have come up so quickly."

"They have rolled down from the mountains," said Marouf, "for you know the mountains tower up upon our left hand."

"Ay, true, Marouf. I forgot—Morgiana?"

"Here, my beloved."

"Ride nearer to me. Give me thy hand, for this darkness shuts thee from my sight—Gulnare, ho!"

"Here, my master," answered the young slave girl.

"Ride close to Marouf's side. By the Prophet's beard, had we been wise we should have procured lanterns, for we were told of this forest."

Awhile longer the party rode on, but were obliged to trust wholly to their horses, for they could not even see each other, only Assad could hear the tramp of the two animals ahead, and could feel the warm hand of his beloved as it rested within his grasp. Soon the moan of the wind came nearer, and the travellers could hear the rustling of the foliage, and the creaking of the branches overhead as they were swayed to and fro. But this was not all, for ere many moments, great drops of rain came pattering down. Assad called out for Marouf to stop, and then taking the broad mantle from his saddle, he threw it over Morgiana's shoulders, and bade her gather it closely about her; and Marouf did the same to Gulnare. The horses still pursued their way, and by-and-by a vivid stream of lightning flashed through the heavens. The whole party were startled by the sudden burst of flame, but they were quickly calm again, for they knew that God, who is ever just, held the flame of heaven in his hand.

This light, too, seemed to show to Assad that they were in the path, and that the way ahead was clear. The horses, though startled at first, seemed to have taken assurance from the momentary view thus afforded them, for they quickened their pace, as though anxious to find shelter from the rain. Thus they went on for nearly half an hour, and at the end of that time Marouf's horse suddenly stopped, and Assad came full upon him.

"What is the matter?" asked the youth.

"I cannot tell yet," was the black's reply. "It may be that we are out of the path. But wait and see what the beast will do, for I would sooner trust him than trust myself in this place."

Marouf's beast snorted as though he were at fault, and he seemed to be snuffing up the air as if thus he could tell what was ahead, and Gulnare's horse did the same. But in a few moments the animals gave a sort of satisfied neigh, and then moved on.

"What could it have been?" asked Morgiana, as soon as they were once more fairly in motion.

"It must have been that the horses got their heads partly turned from the path in the dense darkness, and so had to stop to find it again. The nostrils of our journeying horses are keen, and I have no doubt that they can scent the footsteps of one of their kind."

The rain now fell in torrents, but Morgiana assured her lover that she was not cold, for the strange excitement of the occasion kept her blood in free circulation.

"You are sure we are in the path?" she said, after they had ridden on some distance further.

"We must be," answered Assad, "for not only may we trust the sagacity of our horses, but had we left it we should find ourselves entangled in the wildwood at once."

At this moment another vivid flash of lightning streamed along the heavens. Assad looked, and so did the rest, and they saw that they were in the road, and that the way before them was broad and clear.

"The fisherman told us 'twas a narrow path," suggested Morgiana, as she saw how wide the road had become.

"So it probably is, for most of the way," returned the youth; "but we must remember two things: First, that the road through such a dense piece of woods must necessarily vary in width according to the growth of the trees, for you noticed the way is very rocky here, and probably but few trees grow; and secondly, we must give much scope for the true meaning of the words spoken by an ignorant man; and surely the poor fisherman was not much else. I think from the echo of our horses' hoofs that we must be in some sort of a rocky ravine."

And so they were!

"We will ride by daylight, hereafter," said Morgiana, with more anxiety than she meant to betray.

"We will," returned Assad, "for after this we shall have gotten so far away that we need not fear pursuit."

"How strangely the echoes fall around us," said the maiden, and her hand trembled in her lover's grasp as she spoke.

"The mountains may be near at hand. But fear not. The storm may soon be over."

And Morgiana spoke no more upon the subject, for she did fear, and she wished not to betray it, since no mistake could be rectified in such utter blackness of bewildering night.

No wonder strange echoes had fallen upon the travellers' ears, for they had passed through the deep gorge in the mountains where ran the road from Bagdad to Mosul! This gorge was a deep, narrow cut through the massive rock, where the solid walls arose on either hand to a distance almost hidden from human sight, and many a traveller on his way to Mosul had missed it during a search for many days in the broad sunlight; but the wayworn fugitives had found it, and passed it in the deep darkness of a stormy midnight, and that, too, when they sought it not, and when all their hopes called them to the opposite way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TETOTAL TOAST-BOOK.

Though there is nothing very jovial in the idea of total abstinence, and it is difficult to get much jollity out of a pump, we do not see why the tetotallers should not adopt the practice of giving "sentiments" when they drink, and thus realizing the popular combination of toast-and-water. We subjoin a few specimens, which will be found suitable for those aqueous associations, whose members seem to look upon the garden-engine as the only moral engine, and the water-cart as the only vehicle of progress.

A light heart and a water jug.
May ewers always be mine, and ours be ewers.
May the pump always give us its succor.
May the pitcher of strength never want the water of purity.
The noblest works of man—the water works.
The pump—the only true source of legitimate wisdom.
May sorrow find a watery grave.
A fig for my friend, and a pond for my pitcher.
Confusion to the donkey who stops up (by getting his foot into it) the plug-hole.
A full water-bottle and nobody to partake of it.
May the good ship Britannia draw plenty of water.
My friend and filter.
May every p pe be put out, except the water-pipe.
The best of all unions—the grand junction.
May confidence always break the ice, and friendship drink the water.
May the tear of sorrow from the cistern of the heart be purified by the filter of affection, and join the waters of oblivion.—*Standard.*

AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT.

Some persons are in the habit of dwelling upon and greatly magnifying every little injury they receive at the hands of others. They thus render themselves very disagreeable to those in whose ears they are continually pouring their complaints; and at the same time greatly injure themselves in the estimation of such, whilst they are contributing very much to their own personal misery. How much better would it be, were such persons to bury their little troubles, or at least to keep them entirely out of sight! It is to be presumed that they do not sufficiently reflect upon the true nature of th ir conduct, else they would be more careful to avoid it than they are. Jamieson forcibly exposes the great folly of such conduct by the following illustration:—"A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody, and after it has been bound up I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound, and make it fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he, who by dwelling upon little injuries, or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again."—*German Reformed Messenger.*

DO BIRDS REASON?

That the inferior animals have intelligence distinct from that instinct which is common to them and to man, is a notion now generally prevalent. An interesting illustration of this opinion was related at a late meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool. The authority for the fact is such as to leave no room for question. A pair of goldfinches had built their nest on a small branch of an olive tree, and after hatching their brood, the parents perceived that the weight of the family was too great for the strength of the branch which supported the nest, it had begun to yield. The provident parents, with an intelligence which cannot be resolved into instinct, were seen to fasten, by means of a small string which they procured, the branch which supported their nest to a stronger and higher branch of the tree. Thus redeeming, by an extraordinary effort of reason, the original error which they had committed, and guarding their parental hopes from the threatened ruin.—*New York Tribune.*

A SENTIMENT.

The ideas, as well as children of our youth often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. We sometimes find a disease quite strip the mind of all its ideas, and the flames of a fever in a few days *calcine* all those images to dust and confusion which seemed to be as lasting as if graved in marble.—*Locke.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FAIREST FAME.

BY GEORGE H. COOMBS.

Dark clouds that wing the thunder,
Still wield the shaft of light;
They thrill all earth with wonder,
And shake the dome of night;
But their's is glory mad and vain,
Where passion and despair
Are pictured in the shivered chain,
Hurled downward from the air.

When morning sweet upspringeth
O'er all the dewy vines,
The bird that sang still singeth,
The sun that shone still shines;
And from her green tree springs the dove,
And from her bud the rose;
And from the fount of heavenly love
The same deep current flows.

With stormy passions human,
With all the power of woe,
Have soul-struck men and woman
Pierced wondering hearts below;
But never torrent, storm or flame,
The bliss of love can bring;
And his must be the fairest fame,
Who sweetest breathes of spring.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MR. APTHORPE'S WILL.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THIS summer I spent a few weeks in the village of Carmel, a very pretty place, situated at one hundred and six miles south from Albany. The scenery was very beautiful, and I spent very pleasant hours there. When I entered the village, I was surprised to see put up for sale a very handsome brown villa, which stood rather out of the village. The house was very large and handsome, standing on a slight elevation, with a very fine lawn sloping in front down to the main street of the village. The lawn was belted by a double row of trees, which were on each side of the winding avenue. On the street were two very massive freestone gateways. When I made my first visit in the village, some four years ago, a Mr. Bemus Apthorpe lived there, with his three daughters; and I expected to find him still living there, but no—the house was closed and the gates also. The grass had grown up here and there in the middle of the avenue, and the borders were overgrown with weeds. I wondered at the changes which had taken place since I was last there, and determined to ask my aunt what had become of the family. My aunt lived in a pleasant little cottage in the centre of the village. It was nearly tea time when I reached that, so I had to curb my curiosity till evening. When the table was cleared off, and my aunt had resumed her sewing and I produced my everlasting crochet, I eagerly demanded why the Apthorpe house was for sale. Aunt Sarah seemed surprised that she had forgotten to mention it in her letters, because the circumstance made such a stir in the village. This is the story she told me, and I hope it will be as interesting to my readers as it was to myself.

Mr. Bemus Apthorpe moved into the village twenty years or perhaps more ago, with his wife and one child, a little girl about three years old. The brown house on the hill had been recently built by a speculator from New York, whose transactions failing, he had been obliged to give up the house and move away. Bemus Apthorpe had purchased it, and it was whispered in the village that he had not been wholly fair in his dealings; but be that as it may, the house was his, and he intended henceforth to live in it, and among us.

The Apthorpes lived very secluded, scarcely ever making their appearance save on Sundays. Few of the inhabitants of Carmel knew them much; but Mrs. Apthorpe's gentle, sweet face made all who saw her, love and feel interested in her. About eight years after their settling in the village, Mrs. Apthorpe died, leaving three daughters, of the respective ages of twelve, nine and eight. They were pretty little girls, and everybody felt a deep interest in them when they were left to the care of their very morose father. Mr. Apthorpe had made himself generally disliked for his hardness and very evident neglect of his wife. All the villagers shook their heads sadly when they heard of Mary Apthorpe's death, and murmured, "She is happy now." The three girls were named Hope, Faith and Patience: strange names for such a man to give his children, but I suppose as those feelings were no dwellers in his breast, he thought he would have them as familiar spirits, that no man could say he was without hope, faith and patience. But that is a digression.

The three girls attended the village school, and afterwards the academy, and proved very brilliant scholars and endeared themselves to all their schoolmates and friends by their gentle, amiable ways. But though they were children of the richest man in the village, and living in one of the handsomest houses, with closely-shaven lawn and well kept paths, they were dressed very shabbily, and oftentimes so thinly and poorly clad as almost to suffer from the cold. They grew up, notwithstanding all this, into pretty, genteel girls, beloved by everybody who knew them; as much beloved as their father was reviled.

About ten years after Mary Apthorpe's death, it was reported that Bemus Apthorpe lay on his death-bed. The neighbors were very kind with offers of services, but Hope Apthorpe, then an elegant girl of twenty-two, declined their kind offers, saying that her father was unwilling to receive anybody but the lawyer who was with him. The next day the news of his death spread through the village. None, I dare say, were sorry when they heard that Bemus Apthorpe, the miser, was dead. His funeral was large, owing to the interest that all felt in the orphans, who were loaded with kind, unobtrusive attentions. The news soon circulated through the village that, agreeably to his dying injunctions, the will of Bemus Apthorpe was to be read aloud, the Sunday after his death, in the three village churches. Everybody was astonished at such a request, but when Sunday came, of course everybody went, curious to hear what the will could contain. Some thought that at the last moment, repenting of his harshness and parsimony, he intended to leave a sum of money to each church. The day was beautiful, and every pew in every church was filled. After the services were ended in the church my aunt attended, young Mr. Harris, the minister, rose; he seemed very much agitated, and his face was very pale; pausing for a few moments, to recover his composure, he read as follows:

"I, Bemus Apthorpe, dying, make this command; that my will be read aloud the Sunday after my death, in the three churches in the village of Carmel. If this be not complied with, my curse shall rest upon whomsoever opposed it and upon my undutiful children."

Then came the will, which read as follows:

"I, Bemus Apthorpe, give and bequeath the sum of seventy five thousand dollars, together with my real estate, to my three daughters, Hope Apthorpe, Faith Apthorpe and Patience Apthorpe, to be divided equally between them while they remain unmarried; but if any of them marry, the whole property shall be given to the unmarried ones, or if they all marry, the whole property shall go to the one last married."

Such was the strange will that was read one Sunday morning from the pulpit. The congregation could scarcely suppress their general feeling of indignation; for this will seemed like the final act of injustice and tyranny and malice, too, for the two oldest girls were already engaged, and had been for some time previous to their father's death, to very enterprising, fine men: and that Mr. Apthorpe knew and had given his free consent to. Hope was engaged to Mr. Harris, the minister, and Faith to a young farmer who lived about three miles from the village. Nobody could conjecture why this will had been made, for Bemus Apthorpe had never taken any particular notice of his children, and was not known to have any favorite.

About two months after Mr. Apthorpe's death the girls closed the house, and went away to remain for an indefinite time with an aunt—Mrs. Kenny,—their mother's only sister. All were sorry to lose them and feared they would never wish to come back to the village, which seemed only filled with sorrow and trouble for them.

A year rolled away, and still they came not, neither did any tidings of them reach us. Mr. Harris, upon being questioned, had said that he had freed Hope from all engagements with himself, when he knew that she would lose all property by her marriage; but Hope had refused to be liberated, and went away, telling him she should not write, but he would see her again. We were beginning to think it a settled thing that they were never coming back, when all the village were surprised and rejoiced with the news that in one week they would come back to their home. At the appointed time back they came, attended by their aunt and three servants. The house now assumed a cheerful, sunny look; the grounds were cleared of all rubbish, the walks nicely cut and rolled, and the borders filled with bright flowers. The house had always had a grand, cold look, but now it looked cheerful and pleasant. After the first excitement was over everything went on as usual, and the thought of Bemus Apthorpe rarely entered people's minds.

About two years after Mr. Apthorpe's death the village was thrown into an intense state of excitement and expectation by the reception of invitations for the coming week, to attend the wedding of Miss Hope Apthorpe and Mr. Harris. The will came vividly to the minds of all, and many were the conjectures as to who would be married last or remain single. All concurred in calling Hope high-minded and just, and the congregation of the little Unitarian church looked forward with delight to the prospect of her becoming their beloved minister's wife, and determined that they would do all in their power to prevent her from ever regretting the course she had pursued.

The evening so anxiously expected arrived at last, and the Apthorpe mansion was one blaze of light, and filled almost to overflowing with company. Mrs. Kenny received the guests with grace and dignity. Everybody was on tip toe with excitement, and the minutes seemed to move on heavy-laden wings; at length the hour arrived and a door opened, and the three girls—dressed almost exactly alike—entered the room, each leaning on the arm of a gentleman. The girls were dressed alike, save that Hope was clad in white satin, and almost shrouded by an elegant wrought veil, fastened by a tiara of pearls, and her sisters clothed in white silk, with plain veils.

Hope and Mr. Harris walked in first; next came Faith, leaning upon the young farmer's arm; and lastly, Patience, accompanied by a gentleman—a stranger to the company. A murmur of admiration filled the room; for three more beautiful, queenly girls were never seen in the village, or elsewhere, I think. Hope and her sisters were dark eyed and haired, dignified girls. The sisters and their companions ranged themselves at the upper end of the room. As they so placed themselves, three clergymen separated themselves from the company, and stood each before each couple, and simultaneously began the ceremony. Side by side they kept, and together pronounced the words which made them man and wife. The company were voiceless with surprise. When the ceremony was ended, a lawyer, —the one who had drawn up Bemus Apthorpe's will,—stepped forward and read the will; upon concluding the reading he said to the company:

"Ladies and gentlemen, friends:—You have just heard the will; neither young lady is unmarried; neither was married a second even after the other, and I consider if the property is equally divided, the will is not set aside or violated. Any one who thinks this not so will please come forward and give his reasons."

A silver filled the room, and very warm and heartfelt were the congratulations which were offered on all sides to the blushing brides.

Such was the story my aunt detailed to me. Mr. and Mrs. Harris lived in a pretty, brown Gothic cottage, not far from the church; Faith and her husband lived on a farm out of the village; and sweet little Patience had gone with her husband to Albany, and the house was put up for sale.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

O, sing the songs of childhood,
In accents sweet and low,
The songs to which we listened.
In days of long ago;
When sunny skies were o'er us,
When all was bright and fair,
When hope's loved star was beaming,
And we were free from care.

O, sing the songs of childhood,
For they will cheer our heart,
As into life and being
A thousand fancies start;
We see the friends we cherished,
Who've faded from our track,
And though we sadly miss them,
We cannot lure them back.

O, sing the songs of childhood,
The dear old songs of yore,
With joy they thrill our bosome,
And we feel young once more;
Again we roam the wildwood,
Again sport on the plain,
O, wake the songs of childhood,
There's music in their strain.

O, sing the songs of childhood,
They linger round us yet,
Their heart-refreshing music
We never can forget.
Then sing the songs of childhood,
In accents sweet and low,
The dear old songs we cherished,
In days of long ago.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HEIRS.

BY EMERET H. SEDGR.

A HIGH, large and old-fashioned house overlooked, from the hillside on which it stood, a wide extent of country, thickly dotted with pleasant homes. In front, was a pretty lawn, with rows of slender poplars; on either side, were orchards and gardens; while behind the edifice, rose the wood-crowned hill. Within, there was a greater appearance of modern elegance and luxury than the exterior of the house gave promise of presenting.

Seated in a handsome parlor were two ladies, both past the freshness of girlhood, but still young and attractive. They were much alike, in form and feature; but their mutual resemblance was so greatly modified by differing characters and complexions, as to be rarely recognized. Annette Walling was a dark, animated and piquant beauty, and revealed the resolute spirit, that she scarcely controlled, by the sparkling eye and the graceful confidence of each movement. Celia Walling, her cousin, was very fair, and as sweet and judicious, as she was retiring in her disposition.

Annette, reclining on a low couch, was turning over and opening newly arrived letters, of which she had as large a supply as any clever girl, whose good nature leads her to correspond with every little admiring friend who seeks the privilege. Celia, who had not, like her companion, been a teacher in a fashionable boarding-school, and who had no acquaintance out of her native town, went on with her sewing, and listened, as the contents of the letters were read.

"A communication from my uncle, Charles Grosvenor," said Annette, breaking a faultless seal, "and you are graciously included, my dear cos, in the invitation recently extended to me. So we shall visit the town in company. That is unexceptionably gratifying."

"An invitation to *me?*" echoed Celia, in undisguised astonishment. "I do not understand that, at all. It is most extraordinary."

"Not in the least, as you will see," replied Annette, with an arch gravity, "for I have just written to uncle Charles, making your companionship the inevitable condition of my visit, and this letter is the quick and dignified answer to mine. There is an air of condescension towards my so esteemed indecorous proposition, that is highly amusing. We shall have lessons in propriety, when we reach the city, we country girls!"

"How could you do so?" exclaimed Celia, the tears of vexation starting to her eyes. "Can you think I would accept a solicited invitation from any source—much less from your haughty relatives? How could you suppose that a pleasure which involves such a mortification?"

"Suspend your reproaches," said Annette, cheerfully, "since I have not acted unadvisedly, at least, not without a plan. I knew you to be a dear, scrupulous girl, and I would not consult you until I had taken the first step, and so involved you that you would not hesitate to accede to my wishes."

"Circumstances do not appear to me so complicated as to afford any opportunity for scheming; therefore, your proceeding is quite inexplicable. Explain it, please. I am all curiosity;" and Celia resumed her needle.

"You are not aware, I suppose, that my grandfather came to see me a few weeks before he died," said Annette.

"No!" replied Celia, with a look of wonder.

"No, of course you did not know it, for I never told it to any one. It always seemed to me like some ghostly visit from Hades, and best remembered with silence. But you *do* know what a stern, proud, ambitious, money-loving man he was—I do not like to speak harshly of him—and you have also heard that his only son, my uncle Charles, more than inherited the same qualities. They were both deeply offended, when my parents avowed their mutual attachment, and they zealously beset my mother with threats and promises, that they might thus induce her to break off a connection with one who, because he was without fortune, was deemed wholly undeserving. But her heart and judgment went together, and she soon came, with her husband, to this house, and found in this quiet home the happiness, to obtain which, she had resigned all besides. My uncle soon after married a lady of wealth and fashion, and became established in high social distinction.

"Every threat was fulfilled against my mother, and she was wholly rejected by those whose tenderness should have been unfailing, most cruelly ignored by them, when, during the embarrassment and distress that succeeded the decease of my father, which happened while I was yet an infant, forgetting her pride in her extremity, she sought the interposition of their relief. But my father's relatives helped her as they could, and his brother, your own and almost my father, spared no sacrifice to save her. I have heard it all from my mother's lips. And when her health returned, courage came with it, and she commenced her life of painful industry and self-denial with a strong heart, and no more sought communication with her family.

"It was fortunate for me that she was a woman of determination and a highly cultured intellect. Her austere experience had made her earnest and exact, and I reaped the benefit in the thoroughness of my education. I was sent, as you know, to a popular seminary, to receive such finish and polish as was necessary, and, at the end of the year, was elected a teacher in the same institution, with a large salary. O, what joy I had that day! And what a life of enjoyment was mine, during the following years, when much more than independent, through my exertions, I kept my mother in ease and plenty near me. But at length she died.

"Two years quickly passed, during which I learned to control my sorrow. It was nearly at the close of my final term, and at mid-day, that I was summoned to the parlor to see an old gentleman who did not give his name; so said the servant, and full of curiosity, I hastened down. I entered the parlor, and found a venerable personage, of aristocratic bearing, carefully and richly dressed, but evidently greatly enfeebled by lassitude and fatigue. He rose, as I approached, and without returning my salutation, gazed piercingly at me, as if he would read my inmost thoughts—nay, my very history, in my face. I am not easily disturbed, but I confess to an excessive degree of embarrassment, before he advanced, extended his arms, and clasped me to his heart, exclaiming, in tremulous accents:

"'My daughter—my daughter's child! It can be no other. The eyes, the features are all hers. O, my dear child, forgive my irrational, brutal neglect, even as your mother would have accorded her free pardon, had I held her thus. For her sake, and in her name, say that you forgive me, that I may have peace again, my child.'

"I was greatly affected, and freely mingled my tears with his; and though scarcely able to control the violence of my own emotion, strove to administer comfort to my newly found relative, who was almost alarmingly agitated. I so far succeeded in my attempts to soothe him, that he presently commenced a rapid and terse conversation, still holding his arm firmly about me, my hand in his, and occasionally stopping to look attentively into my face, until the fast coming tears blinded him, and then he would begin to talk again. He asked many questions respecting my station and myself, and then spoke of his own situation, alluding to his declining health, and expressing his confident expectation that he should be soon attacked by a complete paralysis, and leave the world in the same manner with his father. His rapidly increasing infirmities forewarned him of the end, and he knew that the blow could not be warded off many weeks. Then he spoke of his will, and said that I should have my mother's full portion, and be an equal sharer in his large estate with his son and his only nephew, Herbert Deshon, the child of his half-sister. He went on to tell me of this last, and his singular excellence in mind and morals, and abruptly concluded by asking me if I had formed any matrimonial engagement, or was interested in any person. I said, no. He continued to inquire if, when I should meet Herbert, I would try to like him, and marry him, if he wished. I coolly replied that I could not tell. He answered that this connection was his ardently cherished desire, if it could be accomplished without occasioning unhappiness in those most intimately concerned; but when he added that he had already spoken to Deshon of this, my spirit rose, my face flushed, and I was about to make some indignant remonstrance, but his hand was laid upon my lips, as he said:

"'My dear child, I have compromised your delicacy in no respect; your own mother could not have acted more tenderly or conscientiously. Now that I have seen you, I shall not allude to the subject elsewhere or again.'

"Presently, he rose to take his departure, and firmly repelling all my proffers of service, resisting all my pleadings that I might be with him, that I might see him again, that I might, indeed, be a daughter to him, in the performance of active filial duty, he embraced me closely once more, kissed me again and again, looked into my eyes, as if he could never turn away, till at length, by a convulsive effort, he uttered his fervent blessing, pressed his lips still again to mine, and loosing me, disappeared so suddenly that I could not detain him. How I wept! I did not go into the school that afternoon.

"In a little time, my grandfather died, and I immediately came into the possession of my expected inheritance. The estate has been peacefully divided, and only one particular of the will now presents a claim which is yet to be met, and this requires, as you well know, that the heirs spend a month together beneath the same roof, within a year from the death of the testator. To what end, you can easily imagine, since you have heard the incident I have just related."

"Yes," replied Celia, "that you and Deshon may become acquainted."

"Understanding the intention of this meeting, I have anticipated it with no small degree of discomfort, and were not the forfeiture resulting from non-compliance heavier than I desire to incur, I would permit the invitation, which my uncle has felt obliged to extend to me, to remain wholly unnoticed."

"But why is it desirable that I should accompany you?" inquired Celia.

"Do not be shocked at the boldness of my design," returned Annette. "It is this: That there should be between us an interchange of name and identity, that I may be spared the rigid scrutiny to which I shall otherwise be exposed, and retain something of originality in the movement of my *affaire d'amour*. If Deshon is of an obsequious turn, and should fall in love with me mechanically, as a matter of course, merely, I could never tolerate his preference, however complaisant he his claim upon my admiration might be. Then, on the other hand, if there should be a spice of perversity in his temperament, he might nurture a sentiment of antipathy towards me, simply because it was not expected of him. I, also, for my own part, wish for a fair opportunity of judging, without being diverted too much by reciprocal observation. So, if you will deign to assume my personality for one short month, your own, meantime, shall be my most sacred charge. You will not endanger your heart thereby, since that is well out of your keeping. Its owner is ascending the hill, this moment. Tell me, will you accede to my plan?"

"Yes," returned Celia, but looking so aghast at its temerity, that Annette was half frightened from its prosecution, when she saw her so much troubled. But Celia would hear nothing of relinquishing it, and hastened from the room to welcome her lover, Dr. Shortland.

Annette immediately prepared herself to drive to the village, that she might procure a suitable outfit for her cousin. Celia had always lived with her parents, where the changing seasons brought no novelties beyond the vicissitudes of an agricultural life, and had scarcely slept away from her humble home until Annette, relinquishing her school, and returning to her native town to purchase her own birthplace, claimed her for a constant companion. Her natural refinement and excellent sense had made a conquest of the only physician of the neighborhood, a young man of promise, and her wedding-day was not far distant. Annette had loaded her with kindness and costly gifts, and fervent gratitude led Celia to accede to her cousin's startling proposal when no other influence would have overcome her timidity.

The family of Mr. Charles Grosvenor consisted of Mrs. Grosvenor, who was its indisputable head, Mr. George, recently arrived at his majority, and Miss Julia, several years younger. George, not favored with a very large reserve of either physical or mental power, endeavored to atone for deficiencies in other respects, by exceeding nicety in apparel and demeanor; and having too much conscience and not daring enough to make a rout, with few of the positive qualities of true manliness, he naturally fell into a luxurious inactivity, possessing just such an amount of consequence as the accidents of a fortunate situation afforded him. Julia lacked the only thing which can make a supercilious lady endurable, a pretty face, and studiously enwrapped in rich fabrics and egotistical disdain, she nevertheless failed, as many others have done in like attempts, to impress the multitude with a conviction of her superiority.

"What shocking impertinence in Miss Walling to propose bringing her vulgar relative!" said Julia to Mrs. Grosvenor, as they were discussing the prospective visit.

"So annoying!" was the reply. "If she has not coarse, red hands, and a shouting voice, we may dispose of her, perhaps, so that we shall not be ridiculous. The worst of it all is, that Deshon, with his elegant taste, must suffer the infliction of a month's contact with an unpolished person, and in this house, too. The rude manners of a single individual will lower the tone of refinement throughout our entire establishment. However, if you conduct with sufficient reserve, your prospects will not be materially affected by this temporary association. He well knows that it is not a matter subject to our control."

"I am not afraid of a couple of country girls," said Julia, with a toss of the head.

"But you must make a distinction between them," remarked Mrs. Grosvenor. "Such a fortune as your cousin possesses is not to be met at every turn, and we must not put any hindrances in the way of George's appropriating it. It will be a fine thing to have your grandfather's estate concentred in our family, as it easily may be."

"Easily enough, if the lady is pretty," exclaimed George, rousing himself, and adjusting the silken cushions about his person.

When the cousins arrived, Celia, because of her supposed position, was received with a show of affection, and by Mr. Grosvenor, who was softened a little by the remembrance of his sister, with a certain sentiment of regard. George prepared for a special devotion of time and services, according to his mother's wishes, and that lady was much at her ease, and almost satisfied, when she noted Celia's retiring, quiet manner, and the fairness of her complexion, in which her hands had a proper share. Annette, by more defective attention without marked incivility, was allowed to fall into the shade, as if, being only the shadow of her cousin, that were her natural position. But the brilliant beauty of her head, and the movement of her lovely arms, quite irradiated and put back the obscurity which was to have surrounded her, and though sitting very silently and demure, she became, in the estimation of George, certainly, a decidedly central attraction.

Deshon was expected on the following day, and when the morning came, Julia, whose chief *forte* consisted in being more fashionably attired than any one else, and who now especially wished to outshine the whole world, set off early to visit her dressmaker, inviting Celia to accompany her, in order to take the air, and her mother, to assist her in her selections.

"It is too bad that they will not say one word to you about going out," said Celia to Annette, before she went down, equipped for the drive. "I have nearly determined to disclose your plot, and then disappear."

"And spoil all without having gained anything," returned Annette, laughing. "Do not be solicitous about my comfort, for I have plenty of amusement. Hasten, the carriage waits."

There was a large garden behind the house, and thither Annette went, with a hearty admiration of the rare and beautiful horticultural exhibition that met her on every side. George was peeping through the blinds, and watched her, as she passed and repassed by the openings in the shrubbery.

"If *she* only had the fortune, it would be worth one's while to think of it," said he. "What a form—what an air! I'd love to ride with her. "I would set Tom and Ned half crazy to ascertain where I found her. She ought to be treated decently, and I'll go down and have a talk with her. There's no hurt in that. And we'll have a ride, too; the ponies are doing nothing, and 'twould be only common civility."

Annette was a practised equestrian, and had not the smallest objection to a ride on a fresh, lovely morning, and therefore acceded to George's proposal with alacrity. Her habit was elegant, and cut after the latest fashion; and the delight of her cavalier was extreme, as she gracefully controlled her spirited horse, and grew lovelier and sociable from the exhilarating exercise. Neither desired an early return; and Deshon had already arrived, and the ladies were dressing to receive him; and Mrs. Grosvenor was filled with vexation, when she had learned what had happened during her absence, and was planning a lecture for her son, as they rode up. The clattering of hoofs brought forth Mrs. Grosvenor and Deshon to the windows of their respective apartments. "What a beautiful woman!" thought one. "What an impertinent minx!" thought the other.

Mrs. Grosvenor met Annette in the passage, and said, with an air of solicitude:

"You look tired, Miss Walling. I trust you will take time for repose."

Annette commenced to say that it was quite unnecessary, but was interrupted by her benevolent hostess, who, rustling past her, continued:

"I shall insist upon your resting; you appear exhausted. You will be summoned in time for dinner. And will you tell Miss Walling that I shall soon be expecting her down stairs?"

Annette was very obedient, and having made her careful and simple toilet, waited, book in hand, till she was called. As she entered the parlor, she was indifferently introduced to Deshon, who was evidently struck with the finished elegance of her salutation, and followed her with his eyes as she glided to a retired corner of the apartment, so doing to propitiate her aunt. George tried to look ferociously at Deshon, but meeting his mother's glance, ended with a very harmless expression.

The position of the parties is sufficiently well understood. The ensuing fortnight passed with plenty of amusement, in which Annette was always included, by the interference of the gentlemen, and on equal terms with others, notwithstanding Mrs. Grosvenor's careful and elaborate explanation of her position to Deshon, and peremptory injunctions to her son. Celia continued to receive a great deal of attention, and Julia flattered herself that Deshon was her conquest. Perhaps, if she had known that Annette spent two hours, every morning, in the library, before she had herself risen, and also that Deshon, being apprised of this, had found a favorite author much more delightful, with an appreciative companion, in the quiet of the early hours, than the same when alone, later in the day, she might have been less complacent on the score of her success. It was scarcely prudent or consistent in Deshon, who desired to marry according to the wishes of his deceased uncle, to visit the library, where, in reading, and often interrupted by engrossing conversation which the volume suggested, the time passed so rapidly; it was, however, very pleasant to him, and first time in his town room. She remained at home, when, one afternoon, the others took a long drive into the country in single carriages. It drew towards night, as they proposed to return. Deshon drove rapidly onward, but George, in a bewilderment of admiration, delayed, to learn his fate from the lips of Annette. While thus engaged, the horse turned from the homeward road, and trotted several miles before the young people discovered they had missed the proper direction. It was already dark, and George, ashamed of his carelessness, hastily attempted to turn back, but in the act, came in contact with a large stone and turned over the carriage, making the prospect of a speedy arrival at home still more hopeless.

Meanwhile Deshon and Julia finished their drive, and awaited with anxiety the lingering return of their companions. Hours passed, dinner was over, and Deshon was proposing to go in search of the delayers, when the idea of an elopement suddenly occurred to Mrs. Grosvenor. She hinted her suspicion to her husband, with tragical demonstrations, and went off into noisy hysterics; Julia fainted, and Mr. Grosvenor, turning pale with anger, ordered the carriage to be brought out, fully determined to drive after the delinquents. Celia endeavored to convince them that the supposition of an elopement was utterly absurd, but found a candid hearer only in Deshon, who believed some accident had befallen their friends. Mr. Grosvenor, continually bidding the coachman hasten, sunk down in the corner of the carriage to nourish his wrath, but Deshon mounted upon the outside, to point out the road by which he had just come. Before midnight, he came upon the broken vehicle and Annette and George, who had just returned from a long walk, in search of assistance or shelter.

The whole party were well contented with reaching home. Celia, who had not been ambitious of the position which her friends occupied, soon took occasion to reveal her own identity, and, of course, Annette's, also, to the very evident satisfaction of Deshon, and consequently, of her cousin. They resolved to maintain their interchange of character during the few remaining days of the month, at the end of which the cousins punctually departed, accompanied by Deshon, to the entire dissatisfaction of the Grosvenors, who were not at all appeased by receiving, a few weeks afterwards, cards from "Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Deshon," and "Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Shortland."

CHILDREN.—No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accesses make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little singers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHERE, O WHERE.

BY RUTH L. DENIO.

Where, O where, are the friends of our childhood?
Companions so cherished in youth's sunny hours?
Who shared with us those haunts in the greenwood,
So fragrant with perfume, the incense of flowers!

Where, O where, are those bright, joyous faces,
Which memory recalls, as backward she strays?
To linger o'er scenes, long since departed,
And joys that we felt in our earlier days?

Where, O where, are those visions of childhood?
Those golden-hued dreams of the past,
Which threw their gay tints over our pathway,
Too fair long to linger, too brilliant to last?

All vanished and gone, faded forever—
Like buds and blossoms of early spring-time;
Whose fragrance alone is all that remains—
Of what we enjoyed in the days of "lang syne."

Gone, all gone, like the dew from the flowers,
Are the loved of our youth's happy day,
Like the vernal breeze, and the summer rose,
They have passed in their freshness away.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE UNPOLISHED UNCLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Ir is he! it is Tribert!" cried Madame Fourcard, as, glancing through the window, she perceived a traveller, followed by a porter, bearing his baggage. And running to the door, she opened it hastily, at the very moment that the captain had touched the bell. Two voices blended in one:

"My sister!"

"My brother!"

And Madame Fourcard sank in the arms of the old sailor with exclamations and tears of joy. Ten years had glided by since she had seen him, and when the first emotions of her heart were past, she gazed at him anxiously, wondering if time had greatly changed him. His forehead was somewhat wrinkled, his hair lightly frosted, but on the whole, the captain had not, as he himself said, "*suffered much damage from seawater.*" His eye was as brilliant as ever, his mouth as smiling, and the whole expression of his countenance as radiant. No one could see him without involuntarily yielding to him a friendship, for his face had that happy physiognomy which floods us, as does the sun in winter, with feelings of comfort and joyous desires.

But over the head of Madame Fourcard those ten years had not passed so lightly. The sorrows of widowhood, and the anxieties of maternity had withered that second bloom, which embellishes the maturity of some women. One sought in vain, upon her face, for stray traces of that beauty which had once won for its wearer eclat and triumph. With the sufferings of life she had grown old, and the woman was lost entirely in the mother.

After giving vent to a few of the many feelings which rushed through her soul at this so often deferred and so long delayed visit, Madame Fourcard showed her brother to the chamber prepared for him, and turned to leave him for awhile, that he might gain some rest; but ere she left, the sailor asked after her son, and the mother, detained in spite of her wishes, seated herself to answer him. And this compels us, for a moment, to digress from our narrative, and take a backward glance.

Deprived of her husband, who was suddenly taken from her, and left alone with an infant of a tender age, the sister of Tribert had centered all her hopes upon her child. Finding in the fulfilment of her maternal duties the only consolation of her lonely life, she resolved that nothing should divide her affections, that her whole existence should be devoted to her son. There is, in the heart of every woman, an artless romance which colors all their aspirations, and easily leads them to extremes. As young girls, they gild the character of him, whose name they expect one day to bear, with extravagant merits; as young mothers, they endow their children with all those perfections which legend ascribes to the god-sons of the fairies. Madame Fourcard was no wiser than others. She had decided that her son, Augustus, should rank among those elite men who are scattered here and there among the crowd, as stars gem the azure of heaven; and, to arrive more surely at that result, she designed herself for the predestined child his every thought and action. Become to her the centre of the universe, as it were, Augustus was habituated to seeing everything arranged for his pleasure and comfort. All that surrounded the widow was taxed for his enjoyment. All that won her esteem and friendship did so by their attentions and kindnesses to her son. Welcome to all, by right of heritage, he received the most precious gifts of life as only common favors. In her illusion, Madame Fourcard ran before him, removed the stones over which he might have stumbled, crushed the thorn which might have torn from him a shred, making, with her body, a bridge over the precipices; while the young man, scarcely noticing the devotion that had become a habit, continued his way without any suspicions of all that she had done to make it smooth and easy for his step.

His mother, indeed, had wished to act the part of Providence, and she was paid, as that too often is, by inattention and forgetfulness. She began to feel this keenly and painfully, but never, for a moment, did she confess so to others. The honor of her child was dearer to the mother than her own. She would not accuse Augustus of those errors and wrongs which spring from ingratitude, for none but herself knew them, and to betray them was to expose the young man to an unjust decree.

Thus, when her brother questioned her, she dwelt only upon the true and noble qualities of her son; and happy to prolong in his favor a plea which almost persuaded herself, she forgot the fatigue of the traveller, and was only recalled to herself when he involuntarily yawned.

"But I must go," said she. "I do wrong to keep you up after two such sleepless and fatiguing nights; we shall have time enough to talk of Augustus while you stay, and you can judge of him for yourself, too. Sleep now, brother, and when you awake, I trust our scholar will be at home;" and affectionately embracing the sailor, she withdrew, and left to himself, the brother, without undressing, threw himself upon a divan, and was soon lost in a profound sleep.

It was late in the afternoon when he awoke, and the rays of the setting sun crimsoned the drapery of the windows. Refreshed by his long slumber, but still resting in that sense of voluptuous numbness which follows one's awakening, Tribert did not rise at once, but scrutinized carefully the arrangements of his chamber. Everything spoke to him of the attentive kindness of Madame Fourcard. The furniture was that which belonged to their father's room, and seemed to make vivid again to the old sailor the days of his childhood. A bookcase enclosed the few volumes which, in other days, he had collected; the geographical charts, which lined the walls, showed him the seas over which he had sailed; a little vessel, the work of his youthful hands, and the eloquent witness of his maritime bent, was suspended from the ceiling; and lastly, close by the sofa on which he reclined, was arranged a panoply of curious arms collected by himself, in some of his voyages, and sent, years before, to M. Fourcard.

He was examining, one by one, the details of that arrangement, which spoke so beautifully of his sister's intelligent affection, when suddenly he heard her voice in the adjoining room, interrupted occasionally by a younger and louder one, which Tribert easily recognized as his nephew's. The mother seemed to be remonstrating with him, and he was replying in the rough way of a person accustomed to meet in his interlocutor the utmost mildness and indulgence.

"I went go," repeated he, in that obstinate tone habitual to children who have been spoiled by maternal tenderness.

"You don't stop to reflect, Augustus," replied Madame Fourcard, in a tone of affectionate entreaty; "Miss Lorin is expecting that you will wait upon her this evening. But for the arrival of your uncle, I would have spared you the ennui; but I cannot certainly leave him thus, the first evening he is with us."

"Neither can I," said Augustus, abruptly; "I want to see him, too. Why can't Miss Lorin go with her cousin?"

"You know, very well, he is out of town."

"Well, then, let her stay at home."

"Why, Augustus, how can you speak so! You know, as well as I do, that these evening parties are the only recreation this excellent girl can enjoy, and at her age, habit becomes a necessity."

"What's that to me?" said the boy, with added crossness. "Am I under any obligations to Miss Lorin?"

"But I am," replied Madame Fourcard, earnestly. "The little that I know, she has taught me; she has aided me, in the most difficult circumstances, by her advice and encouragement; she has been to me like an elder sister, almost like a mother. You know it, Augustus, and you ought to be the one to pay my debt of gratitude."

"Say, rather, that you love to get in debt," said the young son; "it is always woman's madness to fasten on her neck the collar of slavery, and solder its chain to her feet, as though it would help her to endure."

"You forget, my son, that the heaviest collar and chain was not imposed by Miss Lorin," said the wounded mother.

"You mean by *me*, then, do you?" cried Augustus, rudely.

"You compel me to make you remember that no duty has seemed painful to me, when your interests were at stake."

"And to better prove it, you throw them into my face, after you have done them!"

"Augustus," interrupted Madame Fourcard, impatiently, "there is neither justice nor kindness in what you have just said."

"Then say no more about it," replied he, rising, as if to go out.

"You will accompany Miss Lorin?"

"No."

"Remember that I expect it, that I wish it."

"I shan't go," cried the student, with passionate obstinacy; and shutting violently the door of the saloon, he leaped to the stairway, which he mounted by strides, singing the while in a low key, as if to brave the displeasure of his mother.

Quivering with sorrow, she sat quietly there, and as Uncle Tribert looked through the keyhole, he saw she was weeping. The scene, to which he had just been an invisible witness, taught him more of both mother and son than he had learned in all the letters she had written him for ten years. He saw, now, the result of that boundless devotion which Madame Fourcard had cherished for her only child. Anticipated in his least desires, Augustus was accustomed to impose them, and the voluntary slavery of the mother led to the irreverent tyranny of the son.

The first impulse of the captain was in keeping with his naval habits, and he was on the point of following his nephew, seizing him by the ears, and obliging him to return and ask his mother's pardon, when a happy reflection arrested him. Sent to sea when but fifteen, Uncle Tribert's advantages of education had been limited; but the ways of life, and the musings of his watches, had given him much experience in the human heart. He knew that bad habits are like contrary winds, which are only conquered by tacking. Thus he repressed his first impatient motion, reflected upon the best course to pursue, and only left his chamber when he had decided and had set his sails so as to navigate surely.

He found Madame Fourcard somewhat calmed from the violent emotion the rebellion of her son had caused her, and concluded thence that it was not a new thing. The irritation of Augustus still manifested itself, in a persistent way. Dissatisfied with himself, he turned, like all spoiled dispositions, his repentance into bad humor. When he came to meet his uncle, it was with an awkward and stiff embarrassment. After the usual interchange of questions and answers following an introduction, he threw himself upon a sofa, and commenced biting his nails silently.

Madame Fourcard, fearing the effect of such conduct upon Uncle Tribert, endeavored to sweeten the peevish temper of the boy by some playful advances; but, as it usually happens in like cases, her forbearance only exasperated him. A pardon which we have not merited by repentance, is almost an insult; it adds to the consciousness of our errors by a generosity which we cannot endure. Thus Augustus received the indulgence of his mother only by an increase of spite. Instead of answering her, he took up a newspaper and began running it over, yawning at the same time.

Completely out of patience, Madame Fourcard observed, tartly, that her parlor was not a reading-room.

"I supposed the paper was left here to read," replied the young man, with a haughty brevity.

"And we are here to converse," said his mother. "I should suppose our company would be more interesting than the paper."

Augustus bowed ironically.

"I did not know one must be alone, to choose his amusements."

"Have you no respect for your uncle, sir?" flying into a passion, in spite of herself.

The young man started, and seemed disconcerted for a moment; but striving to recover himself, observed: "My uncle does not wish, probably, that we should live here as though at court," said he, "the slaves of etiquette; and with his sailor habits, he will sooner wish to be free himself, than to constrain others."

"*Pardieu*, you are right there, my boy!" cried Tribert, who, until then, had listened to the debate with a careless smile. "Every one live up to his own whims, and the discontented go to the ——! That's my social doctrine. Read, sing, dance, speak or hold your tongue; it's your own matter; I shall not mind you any more than if I were the Grand Lama. Do what you please; only give me the same liberty."

"As to that, do not fear," said Augustus, casting a triumphant look at his mother. "I am not one of those who would have the whole world march to his own step; I allow, as they say, every one to eat with his own spoon."

"Then, let's go to dinner," said the captain; "my journey has made me as ravenous as a shark." And he took his nephew by the shoulders and pushed him before him into the dining-room.

Madame Fourcard followed them, both surprised and mortified. The tone and principles of her brother were to her a novelty which confused all her remembrances. But it was quite another thing when she saw him, as the table, help himself to all the tit-bits without a thought of his neighbors; interrupting, or not answering her; ordering the servants about; criticising the plats; and, in a word, giving way, without the least hesitation, to every capricious thought. On their return to the parlor, he threw himself into the easiest arm-chair, stretched his muddy boots on to a velvet stool, and lit his pipe. Madame Fourcard, who could not bear the smell of tobacco, was obliged to leave the room.

Augustus was at first amazed with the *abandonment* of his uncle Tribert, and laughed at his whims; yet the naivete of that selfishness, amusing for a moment, soon caused him an uneasiness which ended in impatience. He wished to make the old sailor feel that his habits, though perhaps fit for a ship's cabin, were not equally suitable for a well-ordered and even elegant house. He hoped to be understood by the captain, whose pipe was out, and who, lying back in his arm-chair, seemed to listen, when a measured and sonorous snoring attested the result of his eloquence. The young man rose hastily and regained his chamber, singularly and quite disenchanted with his uncle.

The next morning, as soon as he was up, the voice of a furious debate met his ear. He hurried to go down, and found the sailor in a scuffle with old Rose, who had forgotten to black his boots. The exasperated captain had exhausted that entire stock of curses with which —— sometimes scandalized the nuns who had educated him, and the scared servant raised her hands to heaven, uttering exclamations of distress.

Madame Fourcard, drawn to the spot, like her son, by the noise of the quarrel, sought in vain to conciliate and appease Uncle Tribert. He continued his nautical litany, with a rumbling of voice and an accompaniment of gesticulation, which at first surprised and then maddened Augustus. He took old Rose, who endeavored to explain the matter, gently by the arm and led her into the kitchen, and then went into the parlor. He found his mother there, seeking to justify her servant by the story of her industry, integrity, and the many and arduous duties she had rendered the family.

"Well, well! what of them, what of them!" said Tribert. "Has she rendered me any services? What do I care for what she has been? The finest ship in the fleet is demolished, when too old for use. One has their servants to do their work, not to give them memories."

"My uncle would not, nevertheless, have us turn out of doors a good woman who has lived with my mother since she was a child—who nursed her, in fact!" objected the young man, in a lively tone.

"If you don't want to turn her out of doors, put her into the hospital," replied Uncle Tribert, rudely.

Mother and son both cried out at this.

"Go to the —— with her, then," said the angry captain; "but don't keep her here, where a head and two hands are wanted. I see that my sister has not lost her old habit of creating duties for herself, when she ought only to have rights; but there must be a change, or, by thunder, I'll know why."

Augustus and Madame Fourcard looked at each other. The vexation of the first had turned to spite, and he replied, in a sort of whisper, that every one had a right to rule in his own house as he chose. But Uncle Tribert seemed to accept the maxim as a token of approbation; he applauded it, repeated again and again his intention of being useful to them, and finally called for breakfast. While waiting for it, he lit his pipe, and commenced traversing the parlor, deck fashion, spitting at every turn, after the custom of smokers. Madame Fourcard followed, with a despairing look, this disastrous promenade, which substituted for the charm of neatness, which had been one of the joys of her life, the filth and stains of the bar-room. Augustus, who divined the feelings of his mother, felt keenly this unexpected conduct, and could hardly contain himself. There was silence for some moments after the last outbreak of the captain, when he suddenly paused, in his strides, before a portrait which hung in a conspicuous place.

"Is it Fourcard?" said he, throwing towards it a strong whiff of tobacco smoke.

His sister replied in the affirmative.

Tribert gave it a second glance. "That noble brother-in-law of mine was a terrible homely man," said he, quietly.

The widow and her son started. Accustomed to surround the memory of the dead with the most passionate respect, they were struck to the heart by the gross remark of the sailor.

"It is the first time I have ever heard my father's face spoken of in this way," said the young man, warmly; "and I am astonished, above all, that you should speak so—you, who knew him so well as to trace his soul upon his face."

"Well, well," replied the captain, indifferently, "he was, after all, a pretty good fellow, and we should not hold a grudge against him because God placed him in the list of monarkulls."

"Sir, sir!" cried Augustus, rising with anger.

His mother took him by the hand. "Come, my son," said she, with a saddened dignity, "since he forgets what is due to the dead, let us remember what we owe to ourselves;" and, ere the captain could utter another word, they left the room.

Tribert remained alone in the parlor awhile: but on going to his chamber, he found his nephew awaiting him, evidently deeply troubled, yet with resolution depicted in every feature.

"Ah, ah," cried the uncle, laughing, "it's you, is it? we are not going to quarrel, then, after all."

"Speak lower, I beg of you," said Augustus, in an agitated voice; "I do not wish my mother to overhear us."

"You come with a secret, then," said the sailor.

"Duty has sent me," said Augustus, seriously; "your relationship and my age make it an ardnous one, but my mother's peace of mind passes all things."

"What! has she to complain of any one?"

"She has. She has to complain—of you," replied the young man, in a quivering tone; "of you, sir, who have trampled on all her tastes and her affections."

"I!" cried the captain; "what have I done?"

"You have conducted yourself as though you were on board of a corsair," replied Augustus, warmly; "you have abused an aged servant, who is very dear to us; you have insulted the memory of my father. Since yesterday, you have shown up your mind, character and heart in such a light, that my mother can no longer endure your presence."

Uncle Tribert, who was walking back and forth, stopped short and looked the young man in the face. "You come, then, to inform me that I must seek lodging elsewhere?"

Augustus maintained a silence, which was equivalent to "yes, sir."

"So early!" continued Tribert, seriously; "well, since we have commenced saying plain things to each other, I should like to settle a little account with you. And first, how have my habits shocked you—you, who welcomed me, yesterday, by reading the newspaper, and who applauded the maxim that every one should do as he pleased, without regard to those about him!"

Augustus fidgeted, and strove to stammer out an excuse

"You complain of my conduct towards an old servant," added the sailor, in a louder voice; but what has been yours towards the tenderness of your mother? Did you not refuse her, yesterday, the smallest mark of civility? Did you not exclaim against any obligation to settle those debts of gratitude which others had contracted? Why am I obliged to treat Rose well, when you do not feel yourself necessitated to act so towards Miss Lorin?"

The young man again tried to interrupt him.

"Listen to me. Wait till I finish," continued Tribert, growing more and more serious; "you accuse me of not having respected your dead father—have you shown more respect to your living mother? While I have been here, my acts and words have offended you; what do you think, then, of yours? I have been angry with a servant who neglected her duty, you with the mother who recalled yours to remembrance; I have been wanting in respect to the husband of my sister, you to the being who gave you life."

As the captain spoke, the dissatisfaction of Augustus gave place to confusion. The lesson he wished himself to have taught was turned against him in so impressive a manner, that he could not refuse to deny it. The murmurs of his awakened conscience were in consonance with the words of his uncle. The old sailor understood well what was passing in that noble but wrongly-instructed soul. He advanced, and took his hand.

"You see," said he, in a broken voice, "we have, reciprocally, need of indulgence. Forget, then, the past; profit by it in the future. Yet, in all this, your mother has been the real victim, the most wronged; let us go to her."

"No, no," cried Augustus, warmly. "Not you, but I need pardon. I see it all, now. You wished to correct me by example. Ah, how much I should thank you."

"Have you not read in history," said the good old uncle, as he kindly laid his wrinkled hands upon the upturned brow of the repentant son, "that Lycurgus restrained the impetuous appetites of the youthful Spartans by showing them their slaves in the degradation of drunkenness? Let the discipline of the last evening and the present morning be a lively memory; then will your mother, as I do now, bless you fervently, while she is spared to you, and then will her grave be a spot beside which you can stand, not as the penitent, but the dutiful."

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The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new, clear and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

We have commenced the new volume of The Flag of our Union (Volume XI.) with a brilliant and admirably written original novelette by that young and popular author, HORACE B. STANIFORD. Mr. Staniford has just returned, after five years residence in the Orient, and this exceedingly interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:
—OR,—
THE CHILDREN OF FATE.
A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the Flag. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineation of love and passion, that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of our paper the productions of many new and sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

THE PRIZES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

To the person who shall send us the *first* largest club, we will present a beautiful new SILVER TEA SET. The urn, cream-pitcher, sugar bowl, slop dish and silver salver, being five pieces of sterling silver, manufactured for us by JONES, SHUMAN & BROWN, Boston. Value..... $250

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a large, full PORTOR SUIT MELODEON, elegantly cased and suitable for a church or parlor ornament, warranted perfect in all respects. Value..... 175

To the person who shall send us the *third* largest club, we will present an elegant English GOLD LEVER WATCH, chronometer and compensation balance and extra jewels, new and warranted a perfect watch in all respects, and of the best workmanship. Value..... 120

To the person who shall send us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb English SILVER LEVER WATCH, same movement as above, new, heavy cased, and perfect in all respects, and warranted as to time and workmanship. Value..... 90

To the person who shall send us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a valuable library of SIXTY BOUND VOLUMES, all new and standard works, embracing biographies, histories, travels, etc., such as should ornament any home circle. Value..... 75

To the person who shall send us the *sixth* largest club, we will present an elegant, brass-bound, portable black walnut WRITING DESK, of the most exquisite workmanship, manufactured to our own order, with secret drawers, etc., by G. S. TOLMAN, 113 Washington Street, Boston, and furnished with every usual article. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the *seventh* largest club, we will present a SILVER ENGLISH WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Warranted. Value..... 30

To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present four elegant large STEEL ENGRAVINGS, framed in gilt, representing the seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, elegant parlor ornaments. Value..... 25

To the person who sends us the *ninth* largest club, we will present a FINE GOLD PENCIL CASE AND PEN HOLDER, with gold pen, of a new pattern, an exceedingly beautiful and useful pocket companion. Value..... 20

To the person who sends us the *tenth* largest club, we will present a SILVER ENGLISH WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Warranted. Value..... 18

Every prize is new and perfect in all respects, and may be seen at any hour by calling at our publication office.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $2 00
4 subscribers, " 7 00
10 " " " 15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the seventeen copy gratis, so that all are sure of remuneration who exert themselves.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers, shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial" elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title-page and backs, reserving merely ten thousand fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore as soon as ten subscribers are obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and the number will be duly credited to the account of the party who sends the subscribers, until the time specified shall expire, that is, up to Feb. 1st, 1856.

It is not requisite that the entire club should be taken in one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office to that where the club is gotten up, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent, in order to be credited to his or her credit. This offer does not apply to any regular wholesale agent of our papers—the clubs must be bona fide, and each name be sent with the money.

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*
Corner Tremont & Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible, as post marks are often illegible. Also write initials and names distinctly.

THE FLAG OF OUR U

MATURIN M. BALLO
EDITOR AND PROPRI

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, invariably in advance, being discontinuation of the time paid for. See top

Any person who is a subscriber to OUR UNION, *whether in a club or* will enclose us $2, *stating that they a* scription list of the FLAG, *shall* PICTORIAL *for one year, commen* same date their FLAG *subscription e*

FEARFUL REVELATIO

We know not when our blood h to approach nearer to boiling poi reading a published account of th an infamous slave trade in whites, carried on in British vessels, sailin to the Chinca Islands. It appears British capitalists have undertak laborers for the dreadful work of d from the inexhaustible depots of belonging to the Peruvian gover ammoniacal effluvia of these de open, is almost suffocating, and in breaks down the strongest constitut with the severity of the work imp laborers.

The victims—the victims of Brit in this case—are unfortunate Chi there is reason to believe that the t lives has been going on for a long remember reading at the time of a of these unhappy beings, who ha passage to California, being landed o Islands by a British ship master, an doned. For a few days the poor they were in California, and diggin but when they discovered their erro of them plunged into the sea, prefe to the sufferings entailed on them.

recent revelations respecting the large numbers of their unhappy the following may serve as a specim present them, harrowing as they a our readers that when the British ph meddle with our affairs, it is not l are in want of subjects nearer hom their attention, and tax their highe reform:

"No sooner are they landed fro than they see tall African negroes them as boatswains, armed with a plaits of cowhide, laid up in the f seamen call 'round seance,' five d and an inch and a half in diameter, a point. During the forenoons, offences (or such as the overseers pl such), this instrument was not muc as, about four o'clock in the afternoo the weakest had not performed tas boatswain freely used to start those bring the day's supervision to a slightest resistance was punished by little short of murder, as on many occasions we have witnessed, being we desired.

"The first six to twelve cuts stiffe agonizing cries that rang though the we heard day by day, but only then full amount of suffering that called There was no tying up, the nearest being compelled, by a cut of the l hold of an arm or leg, and stretch the sufferer on the stomach on the gr mere weight alone of the lash made shake, blackening the flesh at every b cutting like a sabre; and when a movement took place, a subordinate boot on the shoulder to keep the quiv down. Two dozen made them brea when released, after thirty-nine la seemed slowly to stagger over, reele and were carried off to the hospital.

"If they recovered, in most cases mitted suicide; for no human heart, vated by Christian training, could, a going so cruel an infliction, ever have two feelings—that is, death to tho from, or to himself. Accordingly, stay there, many sprang over the s buried themselves in the guano, hid themselves in the caves to stave their dead bodies floating all around in In one instance, two, emboldened by p them by a ship-master, hid themselve his vessel, one of whom survives, and this country."

LECTURES.—The editor of "The F Union" would reply to numerous calls to lecture in various parts of New that he can only comply with such upon him in this connection, as shal his returning to Boston at an early morning. To lyceums in the vicini city, any evening will be given wh already engaged.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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FEARFUL REVELATIONS.

We know not when our blood has been made to approach nearer to boiling point, than when reading a published account of the atrocities of an infamous slave trade in whites, that has been carried on in British vessels, sailing from China to the Chinca Islands. It appears that certain British capitalists have undertaken to supply laborers for the dreadful work of digging guano from the inexhaustible depots of that article, belonging to the Peruvian government. The ammoniacal effluvia of these deposits, when open, is almost suffocating, and in a short time breaks down the strongest constitutions, coupled with the severity of the work imposed on the laborers.

The victims—the victims of British cupidity, in this case—are unfortunate Chinamen, and there is reason to believe that the traffic in their lives has been going on for a long time. We remember reading at the time of a large number of these unhappy beings, who had paid their passage to California, being landed on the Chinca Islands by a British ship-master, and then abandoned. For a few days, the poor men fancied they were in California, and digging for gold; but when they discovered their error, a majority of them plunged into the sea, preferring death to the sufferings entailed on them. Of the more recent revelations respecting the treatment of large numbers of their unhappy countrymen, the following may serve as a specimen, and we present them, harrowing as they are, to show our readers that when the British philanthropists meddle with our affairs, it is not because they are in want of subjects nearer home to engage their attention, and tax their highest efforts at reform:

"No sooner are they landed from the ships than they see tall African negroes placed over them as boatswains, armed with a lash of four plaits of cowhide, laid up in the form of what seamen call 'round sennet,' five feet in length, and an inch and a half in diameter, tapering to a point. During the forenoons, for regular offences (or such as the overseers please to term such), this instrument was not much used, but as, about four o'clock in the afternoon, many of the weakest had not performed task work, the boatswain freely used to start those behind to bring the day's supervision to a close. The slightest resistance was punished by a flogging little short of murder, as on many melancholy occasions we have witnessed, being nearer than we desired.

"The first six to twelve cuts stifled the most agonizing cries that rang though the fleet—cries we heard day by day, but only then knew the full amount of suffering that called them forth. There was no tying up, the nearest Chinamen being compelled, by a cut of the lash, to lay hold of an arm or leg, and stretch the miserable sufferer on his stomach on the guano. The mere weight alone of the lash made their bodies shake, blackening the flesh at every blow, besides cutting like a sabre; and when a convulsive movement took place, a subordinate placed his boot on the shoulder to keep the quivering body down. Two dozen made them breathless, and when released, after thirty-nine lashes, they seemed slowly to stagger over, reeled and fell, and were carried off to the hospital.

"If they recovered, in most cases, they committed suicide; for no human heart, unless elevated by Christian training, could, after undergoing so cruel an infliction, ever have more than two feelings—that is, death to those suffered from, or to himself. Accordingly, during our stay there, many sprang over the cliffs, many buried themselves alive in the guano, and many hid themselves in the caves to starve to day, their dead bodies floating all around in numbers. In one instance, two, emboldened by pity shown them by a ship-master, hid themselves on board his vessel, one of whom survives, and is now in this country."

LECTURES.—The editor of "The Flag of our Union" would reply to numerous calls upon him to lecture in various parts of New England, that he can only comply with such demands upon him in this connection, as shall admit of his returning to Boston at an early hour each morning. To lyceums in the vicinity of this city, any evening will be given which is not already engaged.

HEADS OFF!—A Persian said that every time he left the apartments of his royal master, he felt of his head to see if it was still on his shoulders. Office-holders have the same trick just after a change of administration.

IRRITATING.—It is said to be provoking to be paying your addresses to a young lady, who thinks you joking when you mean to be tender, and only stops laughing to reject you in earnest.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.—A couple were lately legally divorced on the ground of incompatibility of temper. This reason would sever a vast number of united destinies.

IS IT TRUE?—A late English report says that turners are more liable to insanity than any other mechanics.

THE SOUL OF WIT.

There is no doubt that "brevity is the soul of wit," as a celebrated Roman consul once pithily remarked. It is of the first necessity that language should adapt itself to the diverse forms exacted by narration; but a man, under pretence of ornamenting his discourse, ought not to wander away into far-fetched comparisons, tedious details and interminable dialogues. Every narrative should be brief, and brevity consists here, not in expressing oneself in a few words, but in rejecting all details useless to the understanding of the facts or the interest of the recital. The same event may be told in such a manner as to seem short in four pages, and long in ten lines. The latter will be long, in fact, if it contains repetitions and useless circumstances; the first will be short, if it have nothing superfluous, and if it is interesting from beginning to end.

A speaker having made his appearance before Henry IV. at his dinner hour, and having commenced with these words, "Agesilaus, King of Sparta," the king, who feared, from such an exordium, that the harangue would be something of the longest, interrupted him by exclaiming: "*Vostre—saint—sprit.*" I have certainly heard something about this same Agesilaus, but he had probably eaten his dinner, and I shall follow his example."

The late General Taylor was a mortal enemy of long speeches. On one occasion, during the war with Mexico, he was marching past the gates of a certain town, where the inhabitants sent forth a deputation to meet him, and an orator addressed him a complimentary speech of half an hour's duration. Old Rough and Ready, who never could master a single word of Spanish, called up a soldier, who was supposed to be acquainted with the language, and stammered out: "Wh—what's all that he's been saying?"

"He says, please the general, that he's very glad to see you, and hopes you're well."

"Is that all?" said the general. "Why then couldn't he have said it in so many words? Tell him I'm very well, and hope he is the same."

And he ordered the column to move on, without wasting more words on the Mexican Cicero.

WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The influence exerted by a good family paper in a home circle is almost incalculable. One of the first duties of a parent is to make home happy: to combine, if possible, amusement with instruction; and there is no surer way of doing this than by supplying the fireside with a good family paper. In such a paper there should be food for every mind, in each stage of development. Politics and polemics, every jarring topic, should be rigidly excluded from its columns. It should be national, not sectional, and cosmopolitan in spirit. It should reflect, as far as space will allow, the busy movement of the great world, with glimpses of its poetry, as well as its reality. The day has gone by when a rigid severity debarred the young from those enjoyments which a true culture of the imagination supplies. An interesting tale, and the well chosen miscellany, are now found to exert happy influences, when mingled with the discussion of graver themes. Such a paper, various in its contents, and strictly moral in its tone, is a welcome and reliable addition—we will not say to home luxuries, but, to home comforts and necessities. It suggests topics of conversation; it provokes in the young an inquiring spirit; it adds insensibly to their stores of information, without coming in the severe guise of a teacher. In a word, such a family paper proves a family friend; and the failure to receive their accustomed weekly sheet would be regarded by hundreds of thousands in this country as a positive calamity. These are reflections that are worthy the consideration of parents, guardians, and all who have charge of youth of either sex. Let no home be without its well chosen weekly journal.

PEACE.—They say the emperor of Russia cannot make peace until he has gained a decided victory. Now as the allies are desirous of peace, why can't they have a grand sham fight—the Russians firing blank cartridges, the French and English running away, after blazing into the air. This would balance the loss of Sebastopol, and enable the parties to come to fair and honorable terms at once. This plan would involve no bloodshed, and we doubt not be quite acceptable to the world at large.

A FAIR OFFER.—When the Marquis de la Ferte had a mind to hang a soldier, he said to him: "Zounds! you or I'll be hung!" He said this to a spy caught in his camp. When the spy saw himself condemned, he asked to speak to the marquis, and said: "My lord, you said that you or I would be hung. As you are my superior, I offer you the choice." He was pardoned.

BE PARTICULAR.—No matter on what business you write a letter, be careful always to date it clearly, writing the name of your post-office, county and state plainly, as well as your own name with distinctness. All these, so plain to the writer, often become incomprehensible puzzles to a second party.

CLUBS, CLUBS!—Let all persons who are striving for the prizes forward us the subscribers' names as far as collected, with the money, and then add to the list as many more as they can procure up to February 1st, when the prizes will be awarded.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION is always for sale at all of the periodical depots, at FIVE CENTS per copy; but the best way to obtain it, in a neat, clear form, and at the *earliest moment*, is to subscribe at the office of publication.

PRAISEWORTHY ECONOMY.—Hamlet's father's ghost was a very economical spirit; for we are told he "wore his beaver up," instead of exchanging it for a new one.

FASHION.—The Post says that coopers are to be substituted for milliners, on account of the rage for hoops exhibited by the ladies.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

They have been enjoying shad at Savannah—cost about $40 apiece, only.

Major Ben: Perley Poore has lectured successfully on "The Press" at Georgetown, D. C.

A bad negro, named *Toogood*, was shot while robbing a store at Patuxent, Md.

They say that Robert Schuyler, the defaulter, recently died near Genoa, Italy.

Minnie Myrtle says she heard of one lady who married to obtain a baggage-master!

Waugh's panorama of Italy is very fine. It succeeds wherever it goes.

The Missouri River may be considered as deserted until spring opens again.

The Amoskeag Veterans had a very good time during their southern excursion.

An intoxicated individual mistook one of our station houses for an oyster saloon, lately.

"Lecompte," the famous race horse, has been beaten by "Arrow," on the Metairie Course.

The largest reading-room in the world, 140 feet long and 140 feet high, is in London.

Mr. John Wysong, and his daughter, Virginia, are partners in business at Winchester, Va.

"Spiritualism" is said to be greatly on the increase in this city.

A gentleman from the country, seven feet high, lately astonished our citizens.

On the voyage of a vessel from Hamburg to New York, seven marriages took place.

Major Winship, U. S. A., a gallant officer of the Mexican war, died lately in Troy, N. Y.

The horses don't like the new pavement in Washington Street. Too slippery.

The Chronicle tells a story of a dog that committed suicide. Cause—beaten for stealing.

Fifty of the best citizens of Lowell intend founding a township in Minnesota.

On the person of a female robber in Albany, five hundred dollars worth of silk were found.

Forefathers' Day was duly celebrated at Plymouth last month.

Mrs. Paulding, widow of one of Andre's captors, lately died at Peekskill, N. Y.

Kidnapping seamen is said to have become frequent of late on our seaboard.

The plate presented to Commodore Perry at New York cost between $6000 and $7000.

The aggregate tonnage of United States' vessels built in 1855, was 22,024.

Men live and prosper, but in mutual trust and confidence in one another's truth.

A MAD MINISTER.

Mr. Gaillardet, formerly editor, and now regular Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of New York, gives the following account of the insanity of Mr. Sillvergo, lately one of the ministers of King Otho, of Greece: "He has purchased a hundred and fifty clocks, and fifty dressing-tables, that he might receive two of his colleagues honorably. His first symptom did not appear very extraordinary to amateurs of furniture. Shortly afterwards, he bluntly asked the United States minister if he had a white vest, and if he didn't want a washerwoman. It seems even this remark was not regarded as a perfect proof of mental aberration, which was not very complimentary to the American minister's waistcoats. In an audience with the king, Mr. Sillvergo asked him which he preferred, the polka, the mazurka, or the minuet. 'For my part,' said he, 'I am a legitimist, and go in for the minuet.' Whereupon he executed a few steps for the enlightenment of his Grecian majesty. He was deemed mad this time, and yet there was no absolute want of logic in a statesman who associated the worship of the minuet with that of legitimacy, and no want of philosophy in a minister who talked polka instead of politics to his sovereign.

THESE BETTER TIMES.—A good evidence of the present abundance of pecuniary means through the country, is indicated by the immense increase of our subscription lists. The present year, thus far, surpasses all our former experience in this respect, and our paper has increased its edition *eleven thousand over what we have ever before printed*. It is a pleasant fact to state, that nearly every regular subscriber of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION also takes BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, the two being sent together for *four dollars* per annum.

THE COST OF THE WAR.—According to a Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, the cost of the Eastern war greatly exceeds one million of dollars per day. This is indeed enormous. Such an outlay, long continued, must produce disastrous results to the nations immediately engaged.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.—A Frenchman told an Englishman, that if the English had discovered the secret of travelling on the water, the French had found out the means of ascending into the air. "Yes," answered the Englishman, "we are deep, you are light."

DELICATE VEGETABLES.—A provision store boy, the day before Thanksgiving, being reproached by a housekeeper for the quality of the potatoes he had brought her, said, in excuse: "This year, ma'am, potatoes is remarkably consumptive."

NEW DISORDER.—The mania which induces treasurers and cashiers to run off with corporation funds, is now called the *chest* disease. Defalcations in future will be treated pathologically.

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—The American Institute have taken possession of the Crystal Palace in New York, and are about organizing a series of exhibitions.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!—Some of the Belgians have very pretty names. Their minister at Washington rejoices in the name of Bosch!

MUSICAL.—Georgia has turned out a musical prodigy in the shape of a blind negro boy.

YELLOW FEVER still lingers in New Orleans.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Black Domino," a tale from the Opera, by HARRIET A. DAVISON.

"Lines to Mary," a poem by WILLIAM H. SPROAT.

"A Fiddling Dragoon," a sketch by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"The Angel's Treasure," verses by BLANCHE D'ANTIGNY.

"A Wheel within a Wheel," a story by JOHN THORNBERY.

"Washington's Monument," lines by SET M. SCOTT.

"The Card Table," a tale by SUTTAVIS CORE, JR.

"Kind Smiles for All," stanzas by FREDERICK FARMENTER.

"The Tithing-Man," a sketch by MAURICE SHRIMPY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A truthful and excellent likeness of Alexander H. Rice, Esq., Mayor of Boston.

An Ice-Boat in the Bay of Toronto, Canada.

Winter Life in Canada—Skating in the Club-House, Quebec.

Views in Philadelphia—Representation of the Philadelphia Library; Building of the Sunday School Union; Arcuingo Viaduct, on the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad; Jewish Synagogue; Odd Fellows Cemetery; and Baptist Church, corner of Arch and Broad Streets.

Portrait of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, as Count Bolino, in the Opera of "The Devil's Bridge," at the Boston Theatre.

Implements of Warfare in use among the various Nations and Tribes of the World.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Captain M'Clure, the Arctic navigator, has been knighted by Queen Victoria.

The manufacture of idols for India is quite a large business in Birmingham, England.

The king of Prussia has conferred the order of the Red Eagle, of the third class, upon Dr. Barth, the African traveller.

It was recently decided by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, that a clergyman of the Church of England could legally marry himself.

One of the St. Petersburg journals states that the news of the London Stock Exchange reaches St. Petersburg every day in eleven or twelve hours.

The London Daily News says that strong and earnest applications will be made to Parliament to pass such a restrictive liquor law as that of Maine.

The largest ship in England is the new one in Chatham dockyard. Its dimensions are—200 feet long, 114 feet wide, and 90 feet high. It was commenced in 1851.

By the death of Michael Vorosmarty, in the city of Pesth, Hungary has just lost one of her greatest poets. An epic, entitled "Zalen Fatass," is his principal work.

Two marble statues of a very large size are among the spoils taken at Sebastopol. They represent St. Peter and St. Paul, and will probably be placed, one at London, and the other at Paris.

The Dublin Evening Mail states that government have resolved on sending upwards of fifty thousand English militia to Ireland. A great paucity of barrack accommodations exists in England.

When the Czar was at Odessa, a Russian merchant having observed that the restoration of an honorable peace was all that was desired to complete the prosperity of the city, his majesty is reported to have replied, "Who is there that does not desire such peace? I more than any one."

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Success consecrates the foulest crimes.

Quick believers need broad shoulders.

Where there is no hope there is no endeavor.

It is not so easy to hide our faults as to confess and avoid them.

He who goes no further than mere justice, stops at the beginning of virtue.

Lost time is never found again; and time enough yet is always little enough.

Time destroys the speculations of men, but confirms the judgments of nature.

A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter; we all hesitate to make the first plunge.

Nature seldom inspires a strong desire for any object, without furnishing the ability to attain it.

Sincerity should be the pruning-knife of friendship, and not the monster scythe of unfeeling rudeness.

A single hour in the day given to the study of some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulation of knowledge.

No man can ever purchase his virtue too dear; for it is the only thing whose value must ever increase with the price we pay for it.

Dr. South says: "The tale bearer and the tale-bearer should be hanged up both together, the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

The genius who flies newspapers, broke his instrument while operating on a "hard shell" organ.

Pompey being asked to take a pinch of snuff, replied: "No, masse, tank you, nose not hungry dis time."

What kind of a fever has a man who is going to pay his creditors, who live at a distance? The Hillside Remittent.

Who, according to Shakespeare, was the greatest chicken butcher? Claudius, "who did murder most *foul*."

A negro has been arrested in New Orleans for playing on a fiddle on Sunday, thereby violating the Sabbath.

"Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *clef-era*?" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

The Welsh have a saying that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so-fistical!

The gallant editor of the New York Sun says that "while Louisa Pyne is growing as plump as a *partridge*, she still sings like a nightingale!" Will Miss Louisa thank him for making game of her?

Joker's Budget.

A wheel, unlike a horse, runs the faster for being *tired*.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

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The gallant editor of the New York Sun says that "while Louisa Pyne is growing as plump as a *partridge*, she still sings like a nightingale!" Will Miss Louisa thank him for making game of her?

Quill and Scissors.

The "Vanderbilt," the new steamer recently launched in New York, is said to be the strongest merchant steamboat afloat. She is constructed of white oak and locust; sixty tons of bolts have been used in the flooring; she is strapped with ninety-four tons of iron, and her dimensions are: Length on deck, 335 feet, breadth of beam, 49 feet, depth of hold, 33 feet, and 5100 tons burthen.

In Europe, lines of telegraph have been constructed to an extent nearly rivalling those in America. The electric wires extend under the sea of the English Channel, the German Ocean and the Mediterranean. They pass from crag to crag on the Alps, and run through Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany and Russia. They will yet extend through the Atlantic Ocean.

Six years ago the foundation of a "Printer's Rest" was laid at Woodgreen, near Hornsey, England, by the Earl of Stanhope. The work, after unavoidable delays, is now going on again, and the edifice will be finished next summer. It is designed for superannuated printers.

Louis Napoleon has presented a magnificent gold chalice to the Rev. Father Cauvin, Catholic pastor of Hoboken, N. Y. Three figures, emblematic of Faith, Hope and Charity, support the cup; at their feet the name of the illustrious donor, "Napoleon III.," is inscribed.

The Secretary of the Treasury reports that for the year ending June 30th, there were built in the United States 331 ships and barks, 126 brigs, 605 schooners, 669 sloops and canal boats, and 243 steamers—total, 2024 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 583,450 tuns.

The Bath (Me.) Times states that Mr. George C. Bovey, formerly of that city, has taken the contract to build the capitol of Nebraska Territory. The building is to be commenced in the spring, and will cost about $500,000. It is to be of brick.

The steamer Young America, belonging in St. Louis, recently sunk in the Mississippi River, and with nearly her whole cargo of five thousand bags of grain and five hundred barrels of pork and lard, will prove a total loss.

The fish trade of Peoria Lake, Illinois, affords an income to those engaged in it of over four hundred dollars a day. A large quantity of these fish, consisting of pike, bass, salmon, etc., are exported.

It is announced that the Czar has dismissed Prince Menschikoff from his offices as Chief of the Staff and of the Imperial Convoys, and has named General Count Adlerberg II. as his successor.

Much excitement has been created in St. Paul, Minnesota, by the action of the trustees of the first Presbyterian Church, in letting the sacred edifice for a concert by the Hutchinson Family.

Joshua Brown, a wealthy and respectable farmer in Concord, was in his cellar picking over his apples, in company with his hired man, when he fell down upon his face and died instantly.

Mrs. Betsey Leonard, widow of the late Capt. John Leonard, of Keene, N. H., died in that place on the 7th ult., at the extreme age of 100 years 9 months and 10 days.

Kansas, as bounded by its organic law, extends to the Rocky Mountains, 700 miles from the Missouri River. It is about 190 miles from north to south.

Samuel Dukes, who was, by means of a decoy letter, detected in robbing the Colfax post-office, Indiana, has been sent to prison for ten years.

"Tom Tit" is the name of a negro boy who is giving concerts in Savannah, Ga. His performance on the piano is said to be wonderful.

Several bears have recently been killed in the vicinity of North Adams, after having done some mischief among the sheep of the locality.

David Smith, of Monroe County, Ga., says that he picked from a single vine on his farm, the past season, 176 ripe water melons.

A dying miser will pinch a dime until the eagle upon it screams, says Horace Mann, not knowing that there is no eagle on the dime.

The North Illinois University, under the patronage of four Methodist conferences, has been established at Henry, Marshall county.

The New York Board of Councilmen have voted to raise the salaries of police captains from $1000 to $1250 a year.

The Russian press in Brussels thinks that the allies will have hard work to keep Kinburn through the winter.

The commerce between the United States and the West Coast of Africa is said to be largely increasing.

The profits of the flour milling business at Rochester, this season, exceed $500,000.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Albert Locke to Miss Mary Dodge.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Richard A. Wright to Miss Annie E. Hadley.

By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. George D. Sargent to Miss Adelaide J. Bacon.

By Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Sullivan O. Atwood to Miss Ann E. Sargent.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Thomas Kelly to Miss Ann Letitia Berry.

At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Henry Dunlap to Mrs. Sarah D. Wood.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Henry B. Hoffman of Davenport, Iowa, to Miss Amelia B. Sargent.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Rills, Mr. Albert P. Sampson to Mrs. Mary Everett, of Bedford.

At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Staples, Mr. Rufus P. Wyman, of Woburn, to Miss Abba A. Nawlse, of Wilmington.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. Thomas F. Burbank to Miss Ellen Archer.

At Fitchburg, Mr. Henry T. Burr, of Charlestown, to Miss Emma Holt.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craigo, Mr. Albert Russell, of Madison, Wis., to Miss Marcinia C. Marble.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Richard Dodge, Esq., of Hampton Falls, N. H., to Miss Mary W. Titcomb.

At North Adams, by Rev. Mr. Meredith, Mr. Amos R. Houghton to Miss Jane L. Wells.

At Hawley, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Samuel Prince, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Jellison.

At New York, by Rev Mr. Balch, Mr. Wm. G Odell to Miss Louisa, daughter of Benj. D. Brush, Esq., all of that city.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Alexander S. Chandler, 56; Miss Belle F. Sherburne, 18; Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, 31.

At Charlestown, Mr. James Everett Damon, 22.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Sweeney, 63.

At Cambridge, Mr. William Gibbons, of New York, 21.

At Malden, Mr. Samuel A. Cox, 44; Gilbert Ladyette Hovey, 15. Mrs. Julia White, 62.

At South Reading, Mr. David Foster, 84.

At Newton Lower Falls, Mr. Nathaniel Mowry, 32.

At Salem, Frederick Hewen, Esq., 73. Widow Deliverance Cousins, 79; Miss Elizabeth Bullock, 73; Mr. James Bates, 82; Miss Mary Symonds, 71.

At Newburyport, Widow Jane Aubin, 72.

At Newbury, Capt. Samuel Merrill, 67.

At Ipswich, Widow Mary Burnham, 98.

At Keene, N. H., Mrs. Betsey Leonard, 101.

At Hartford, Conn., Miss Esther M. Beecher, sister of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, 75.

At Bedford, Me., Ichabod S. Chadbourne, Esq., 66.

At New York, Col. Peter Underwood, 52.

At Johnstown, N. Y., Mr. Joseph Balch, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.

At Chambersburg Pa., Rev. Daniel McKinley, D. D.

At Washington, D. C., Rev. Stephen W. Price, 32.

At Macao, China, Mrs. Abby D. Kerr, M. D., of the Presbyterian Mission in Canton.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WINTER.

BY T. A. ELDEN.

Stern winter is coming—
O, winter is here!
And no more the humming
Of hives do we hear;
The cold winds are wailing—
Their loud blasts draw near;
And winter comes trailing
The past summer's bier.

The snow-birds are singing,
Perched on the oak tree;
Sweet remembrance bringing
Of spring's joy and glee;
The school-boys are skating
O'er the stream's icy breast;
Fair maidens are waiting
For those they love best.

The sleigh-bells are jingling,
The sleighs fly along;
The ladies are singing
A merry love-song;
The snow-balls are flying,
The young are in glee;
And others are sighing,
Who love to be free.

The forest is ringing,
The sportsmen are there,
And echo is flinging
The shout on the air.
The rabbits are hieing
To burrows away;
While others are dying
On the hunter's way.

The cold wind is wailing—
Old Boreas draws near;
And winter comes trailing
The past summer's bier;
And gladness comes springing
From winter's short reign;
Though oft comes bringing
Both sorrow and pain.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LOVE *vs.* FORTUNE-HUNTING.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"And so you are a great heiress, now, *ma belle* Cora?" said Grace Lee, as she tripped into her friend's room.

Cora only shook her head in reply.

"You are not? Why, mama heard that your great-uncle made you heir."

"Yes, but on condition, Grace. I believe you already know that my dear mother's Uncle Russell was still determined to unite the two families; for in his will he has left the grandson of his old friend, Edward Lincoln, junior, and myself, joint heirs on condition that we become husband and wife before next New Year's. If either refuses to fulfil his wish, the whole estate is to go to the other."

"How I do despise such wills!" said Grace, with emphasis. "What do you think you'll do, Cora?"

"Why, Grace, I would not on any account consent to marry under such conditions. I should be always thinking that I was chosen merely to secure the property. But take off your bonnet, Grace; of course you've come to spend the day with me?"

Grace assented, adding that it would be the last day they could spend together for some time, as she was going to Philadelphia in about two weeks from that day, and would be busy in preparations.

"Then you have at last accepted Mrs. Alwyn's invitation?"

"Yes; or, at least, mama has for me. She received a very persuasive letter on the subject from her friend the other day, and wrote a favorable reply yesterday, specifying the day on which I am to start. So, as the Lincolns live in Philadelphia, I shall probably see your destined knight very soon, Cora, and I'll send you word about him."

After this announcement, the conversation on Cora's part languished, and she was so thoughtful that her companion finally bantered her on the effect of the conditional inheritance.

"Not so fast, Grace," returned she, with a sudden animation. "I am but maturing a grand plot. I believe you never saw Mrs. Alwyn?"

"No. The only time she came to visit mama I was absent at school."

"Well, then, suppose you write, and ask leave to take a friend with you?"

"Yourself, I presume. There will be no difficulty about your being Mrs. Alwyn's guest, for from what mama says of her she must be very gay and fond of company; so she would chaperon two girls as soon as one."

"Then my plot will be easily executed. We will change characters during our visit. You will personate the expectant heiress, and I Miss Grace Lee. Then if Mr. Edward Lincoln addresses me, I shall know it is for myself alone—not to secure wealth; if he does not, I shall return to my humble home, satisfied that I have escaped a fortune-hunter."

"But suppose that, deeming me his co-heir, he should address me?"

"O, we can manage about that. Only say if you consent to my plan?"

"That I do!" returned the gay, mirth-loving Grace. "I will write to Mrs. Alwyn as soon as I go home."

"No, I must write to her as Grace Lee, and you must answer, as Cora Leslie, a letter I have received from the elder Mr. Lincoln, lest the difference in our chirography should at any time betray our secret."

"True, I did not think of that. But what about Mr. Lincoln's letter?"

"I will get it for you. He writes as one of my late uncle's executors, and gently intimates that his son will take an early opportunity of visiting or writing to me. So he must be informed that I am engaged to accompany a friend in her long-meditated visit to Philadelphia."

"But Cora, if your uncle has ever spoken to them of your personal appearance, they will recognize you."

"How could he? He never saw me; for my parents left Philadelphia on their marriage, and he would never hold any communication with my mother personally, or by letter. It seems, however, he learned that I was in existence. No, you need have no fear. But let us write our letters now, Grace, or *Cora*, I should say."

"Yes, it is well to grow familiar with our new names," said her companion; and the two girls enjoyed many a laugh over their letters.

When they were finished, however, Grace mused thoughtfully for a moment; then said that it would not do to deceive Mrs. Alwyn by passing off another person as her friend's daughter; mama must be consulted."

"Well, let us run down to your house and take your mother into our confidence; then, if she does not object, we can mail the letters as we come back, for I have no one to consult with," said Cora, with a sigh; for she was an orphan, with a slender patrimony, residing with a distant relative.

Mrs. Lee made no objection to Cora's grand plan, as unfolded to her; she only stipulated that on meeting Mrs. Alwyn they must acquaint her with it.

"You need not fear her betraying you," she added; "for she has a woman's love of mystery and plotting; so that she will be delighted to cooperate in this momentous affair."

And so the young ladies found when, on arriving at Philadelphia, they informed her of their scheme. Not even to her husband would she breathe a word of it; for, as she said, he might betray them in an ungarded moment, especially as he was intimate with the Lincolns.

"Come girls, have you adorned yourselves to your heart's content for your first ball?" Mrs. Alwyn asked one evening, as she entered the room where her guests were putting the finishing touches to their toilet.

They submitted themselves laughingly to her inspection, and very well satisfied was the lady with the appearance of her two proteges as she gazed upon them.

"Ah, how many hearts will be broken tonight! Do be as merciful as you can, dear girls," she said, with mock solemnity, as she preceded them to the carriage, which, by her orders, came late, so that the arrival of her party would produce the greater sensation.

Never was chaperone's ambition more fully gratified; for Grace and Cora, from the moment of their entrance till their departure, were objects of general regard and of unqualified admiration. They presented such a charming contrast. Grace, with her pale, golden curls, delicate bloom and petite form, was pronounced a perfect fairy, as she floated through the many dance, her azure eyes sparkling, and her rosy lips dimpling with merriment and sportive gaiety. Cora, with her dark, liquid eyes beaming with spiritual beauty, her classic regularity of feature, her tall, elegant form, and quiet dignity of mien, was not one to attract such enthusiastic admiration from the gay crowd, but she was eminently calculated to secure the esteem and affection of her associates.

So thought Ned Lincoln—as he was usually called—when he stood beside her, after a dance, every instant becoming more charmed by the gentle ease of her manner, and the intelligence her conversation evinced. It was with regret that he was obliged to yield his place to another gentleman who had previously engaged her for the dance about to begin. Ned was in too thoughtful a mood just then to mingle with the dancers, so he strolled off to another part of the room, and silently gazed upon the animated scene.

Suddenly an elderly gentleman, a valued family friend, and one well acquainted with the provisions of the will, slapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Ned, what are you about? You have devoted yourself to Miss Lee all the evening, totally neglecting Miss Leslie, whom you must marry."

"Happily there is no *must* in the case," replied Ned, with his frank, intelligent smile. "But I have not been so neglectful of Miss Leslie as you imagine, my dear sir. I danced with her once; that much I owed in courtesy to the niece of my father's late friend."

"Now I'll wager that you have taken a dislike to her on account of the will, like a perverse, unmanageable fellow that you are."

Ned smiled at his friend's good humored raillery, as he answered:

"Not so, I assure you, sir. My heart made its election the moment I saw the two ladies enter, when I was yet ignorant that either was the Miss Leslie it was important for me to please."

"Humph! Your father will be disappointed; but he disappointed his father in the same way, so he must regard it as retribution."

"The retribution should not come from me, however. I regret that I cannot fulfil my father's wishes in this matter," said Ned, seriously.

"You'll think better of it, of course," said the old gentleman, slyly. "You'll yield yourself a victim at the shrine of filial devotion, and marry Miss Leslie. In faith, she's a jewel!" he added, as he glanced to where Grace was standing chatting merrily with the host of admirers, whom her beauty and her reputed fortune had drawn around her. "Acknowledge now that she is far lovelier and more winning than her friend, with whom you have fallen in love at first sight."

"She is very lovely. I will readily admit that; but not so lovely or winning, in my estimation, as her friend. Miss Lee's style of beauty is more to my taste; she realizes, in every respect, my cherished ideal."

"But think of Miss Leslie's feelings, my good Ned. Is it not probable that they are wounded?" But as he spoke, both gentlemen glancing again toward the radiant Grace, laughed merrily at the supposition.

"No danger of that," said Ned. "She is as indifferent to me as I am to her; but she is a dear little beauty, and I hope will find some one worthy of her, and of the fortune which will now be all her own."

The two gentlemen then began a discussion of the late Mr. Russell's will, and of such documents generally. Mrs. Alwyn who, from her seat near by, had overheard every word they uttered, paid no further attention to them; but after their return to her house, the girls were enlightened as to Ned Lincoln's sentiments.

"So your plan promises success, my dear Cora," said Mrs. Alwyn, in conclusion; "and now I want to know what you think of Ned?"

"O pray, don't ask her now," said Grace. "She will not tell you that she is perfectly charmed with him, as she told me a few hours or so ago. That was before she had learned his name; for she had not heard it distinctly when introduced, and would scarcely believe me when I assured her that he was her destined husband."

Cora, averting her head to hide the deepening blush, rejoined:

"I could never have been so much at ease with him had I known who he was; but I was sure that Don Whiskerando, who was so devoted to Grace, was Mr. Lincoln."

"Don Whiskerando!" repeated Mrs. Alwyn. "What a name for the aristocratic Upton. But I must give you warning, Grace, that this same elegant Mr. Upton is in love, not with your charming self, but your supposed fortune. He is well-known to be a fortune-hunter."

"I heard him spoken of to-night as very rich," returned Grace.

"His father is, but has a large family, and does not see proper to indulge his son in all his extravagance; so he has no resource but to marry a fortune. Now think well on my warning, Gracie dear, and don't let him run away with your heart, for he has none to offer in compensation;" and Mrs. Alwyn, wishing her guests good night, left them to their waking or sleeping dreams.

Her kindly-given warning was quite thrown away upon Grace, who had no intention of wasting a thought on the "elegant Mr. Upton." Instead of his image, there rose before her mental vision that of one who had not sought an introduction to "the beautiful heiress," but whose fine eyes she had frequently observed bent on her from a distance with almost worshipping regard. She learned that he was a clerk in ——— Bank, that his name was Charles Grayson, and that he belonged to an old family, now shorn of its wealth and social consequence.

"That, then, explains his demeanor," thought Grace. "He is too proud to seek the notice of one whom he imagines is so much more favored by fortune."

And while the "exquisite" was flattering himself that his witty and gallant remarks were lingering in her memory, it was recalling these silent, expressive glances, as she for the first time realized that the eyes have a language of their own, more impressive and thrilling than that of the most eloquent tongue.

A few weeks had passed, and Ned Lincoln was sitting one day in his law office, thinking much more of his chances of success in a certain suit he was about to enter in the court of Cupid than of an important case that had just been entrusted to him, when the door was thrown open, and Upton entered, exclaiming:

"Prithee, Ned, tell me, are you going to marry Miss Leslie, or is your affair with her friend anything more than a flirtation?"

Ned raised his eyes rebukingly to his rude interlocutor, who, interpreting his haughty look, gave him no time for words.

"Beg pardon, my dear fellow. Dare say I appear rude and inquisitive; but consider my case—I am desperately in love with Miss Leslie—"

"And her fortune," sarcastically put in Ned; but the other went on:

"And would like to know at once whether you have given up all intention of suing for her hand, for I would not wish to be your rival in this affair."

Ned smiled at the shallow-brained fortune-hunter, who imagined that he could not fathom his motives.

"You need not hesitate on my account to address Miss Leslie—she and I are mutually indifferent, and—"

"Then I shall away and learn my doom," interrupted the other, starting for the door, but pausing again to say with affected carelessness: "By the way, how will it be about the *inheritance*? If you mutually refuse to fulfil the condition which will forfeit the estate? I think I heard that a refusal involved a forfeiture."

"You are a provident suitor, Upton," Ned could not help saying. "But I will make you easy as far as I am concerned on that score, also. By her relationship to the testator, the lady is justly entitled to his property, and be assured, I will never seek to obtain a portion of it by raising a legal quibble as to the forfeiture."

"Then she will have the whole? That's—hard on you, Ned."

"But extremely lucky for you, you think," cried Ned, laughing heartily, as the exquisite, strangely forgetful of his usual mincing gait, rushed out as unceremoniously as he had entered, and hastened to call at Mrs. Alwyn's. His haste amazed some acquaintances he passed on the way, but without delaying to answer their questions, he hurried on to the house which contained his *treasure*; there to be informed that Miss Leslie, feeling rather fatigued, had been persuaded by Mrs. Alwyn to be invisible that day, in order that she might be recruited for Madame La B——'s soiree in the evening. Consoling himself with the hope of meeting her there, he retired to spend a day of intolerable suspense.

In fact, the poor exquisite was in a state of perturbation he had never known before, though many were the "Fortunes" he had wooed unsuccessfully. Here was a snug little property of over two hundred thousand dollars, which, since young Lincoln was so indifferent to his interests, would go to some lucky fellow with only the incumbrance of a handsome wife. He had felt a pleasing certainty that he should be the favored one; but lo! within the past week, he had been assured by some officious friend that he would find Charlie Grayson, the bank clerk, a powerful rival; for Charlie having been, by accident, made acquainted with the fair object of his sweet dreams, could not, with all his resolution, deny himself the pleasure of an occasional chat with her when they met at public places, or at Mrs. Alwyn's house, where he was always a welcome guest; and the difference in Grace's deportment toward the two, almost drove Upton frantic with jealousy. Was he to lose that coveted estate through the hypocritical clerk, who was insinuating himself into favor? No wonder that he was impatient, after this danger was suggested, to see the arbitress of his fate; that he counted the hours impatiently until the time drew near for the soiree.

"I predict that you will have an offer to-night, Grace," said Mrs. Alwyn, as she was superintending the toilet of her guests. "Mr. Upton came this morning for that purpose, I am convinced, and the delay will only add to the fervency of his passion."

"Poor Don Whiskerando! I am sorry for him!" exclaimed Cora.

"Now, Cora, you must not call my admirer by that odious name," said Grace, with affected pique. "Mind, I shall retaliate some of these times; if Mr. Upton wears whiskers, so does Mr. Lincoln."

"Ah, but the difference, Gracie," said Mrs. Alwyn. "Ned's whiskers are becoming, and add to his manly appearance, while the other's—but I must not say more, lest I offend, like Cora."

"What a plague these beaux are, any way," said Grace. "Cora, I envy you the nice, quiet time you will have during your visit to the country."

"But then how charming is is to be feted and admired everywhere as an heiress."

"O yes, and I enjoy it very much; but I shall not be sorry when the time arrives to cast off my borrowed plumes."

"No; for then Mr. Grayson will take courage to declare—"

"Come, chatterboxes, it is time to go," broke in Mrs. Alwyn, to the satisfaction of Grace.

All the evening Upton attended upon Grace with obsequious care. Ned Lincoln was as attentive to Cora as usual; and when he heard that on the following afternoon she was going into the country to pay a visit of some weeks to an elderly friend of her family, he solicited the favor of being allowed to call at Mrs. Alwyn's early in the morning. Cora assented.

He came accordingly, and made an offer of his heart and hand in a frank, yet respectful manner, that increased the esteem in which she held him. With some hesitancy, she asked if there was not a contract between him and her companion.

"You refer to Mr. Russell's will, I presume. Probably you have heard from your friend, Miss Leslie" (Cora could scarce repress a smile), "that the property was left jointly to her and me on condition of our marrying. But I never wished to marry an heiress, and I believe this alone would have prevented my addressing her, even if my heart were not interested in another."

"But in offering yourself to another," said Cora, timidly, "do you not forfeit all claim to the property?"

"Assuredly; but that thoughs gives me no trouble. It is rightfully hers, not mine, and I have no desire to possess a dollar of it."

"Yet it is a great sacrifice to give up such a fortune," suggested Cora.

"Not when one is ambitious of a greater treasure," he returned, smilingly. "I desire a fortune in a wife, not with one. For myself, I am not rich, neither can I call myself poor. My profession yields me an income sufficient for all the comforts and many of the elegances of life. If you will consent to share my lot, I shall deem it truly a blessed one. Yet I do not press for a decided answer to-day; I am not so unreasonable as that; only let me hope that you will consider my proposal during your absence, and I will endeavor to bear the suspense patiently."

To this Cora could not object; but she would not listen to his proposition of corresponding during the interim; and having bidden him adieu, she tripped up to her room with a heart fluttering with joyous agitation. Grace, on learning what had passed, congratulated her warmly, and added, with an arch glance:

"I wonder if you are ready now to listen to my confidential disclosure more politely than you did last night."

"Last night!" echoed Cora. "What did you tell me last night? I don't remember anything of it."

"I dare say; for you were too much taken up with the anticipation of this important interview with Mr. Lincoln to be able to attend to me."

"Well, Grace, now I shall make amends by listening with all due curiosity and interest."

"Yes, *now*. Suppose I should not gratify your curiosity?"

"Then I must guess at the tenor of your confidential communication; and I guess that you received the offer which Mrs. Alwyn predicted. O, you naughty child, what are you laughing about?"

"I suppose I may laugh now, since I did so at the time. O, Cora, such an importunate lover! so eloquent and pathetic!" and Grace laughed till the tears came.

"I presume he almost died when you refused him."

"When I refused him! Why, Cora! what possessed you to think that I would do that?"

"You surely do not mean to accept him?" said Cora, in alarm.

"By no means. I only wish to punish his fortune-hunting propensity by a little pleasant uncertainty as to my final decision. I must play a trick upon him."

"You are a cruel girl," said Cora. "Fortune-hunter though he be, I pity him for being at your mercy."

And truly he was to be pitied during the ensuing month, when Cora's absence rendered Grace more of a belle than ever. Not only did several who had preferred Cora's society, now play the agreeable to Grace, but Ned Lincoln became her almost constant attendant; not alone because he was sure that she would not misinterpret his attentions, but also because he thus heard frequently of his absent love. Upton, however, was persuaded that Ned had changed his mind in regard to giving up the inheritance; and he became so importunate through his jealous fancies that Grace was obliged to lay on a peremptory command not to mention the subject to her again till after the return of her friend, when she would give him a definite reply.

The weeks glided by, and Cora returned to the city more beautiful and fascinating in Ned's Lincoln's eyes than ever. On the day following her return, they had a long conversation in Mrs. Alwyn's parlor, during which the supposed Grace Lee revealed herself as the veritable Cora Leslie of the will. Ned was at first chagrined at the trick played upon him; but when, with a graceful apology, she tendered her hand that they might part in amity, he retained it in his warm grasp, saying, that only in consideration of being allowed to possess it, could he forgive the injury.

"But you would not wish to marry an heiress?" she said, mischievously.

"Circumstances alter cases," he replied, with a gay smile."

"And you are not offended by my suspicions, are you?"

"That was before you knew me, sweet girl. And when I think of the crowd of gallants who flock around your charming friend, mainly through mercenary motives, I cannot blame a lady for wishing to test the disinterestedness of a suitor ere she gives her happiness into his keeping."

So, with a heart bounding with trusting love and happiness, Cora found herself betrothed to the once dreaded Ned Lincoln; and the equally happy lover departed with a promise to return at an early hour in the evening to conduct her to an oratorio.

The affectionate Grace was delighted at Cora's happy prospects.

"So far all's well," she said, after nearly smothering her friend in joyful caresses. "I, too, have a *lover* to dispose of before the oratorio; just read that," tossing a note across the table. "I found it here when I returned from a walk with Mrs. Alwyn, just now."

Cora read the precious billet aloud:

"My charming Angel,—Now that your friend has returned, you have no excuse for continuing to test my devotion and fidelity so cruelly. I have called twice at Mrs. Alwyn's today, but you were not at home. I will call again this evening, very early, that I may learn my doom from those cherry lips before we proceed to the oratorio, as agreed upon yesterday. Let me hope, most beautiful but cruel lady, that your answer will be such as to make the music doubly sweet to my ears. Your distracted

"Upton."

"What a note!" was Cora's contemptuous comment. "His distraction will be complete this evening."

True to his promise, Mr. Upton made his appearance at Mrs. Alwyn's at an early hour. He was rather fearful of being refused the interview he longed for, but on sending up his card "to Miss Leslie," Grace, without delay, descended to the parlor. As he advanced eagerly to meet her, Grace, with a pleasant smile, murmured:

"Ah, I was not mistaken in you. The servant said you wished to see Miss Leslie, but I thought you probably only wished to carry on our joke a little longer, and that I was the one you really wished to see."

"Certainly; whom else could I wish to see?" stammered the lover, with a sudden suspicion that her mind was wandering.

"Such disinterested affection is charming from its rarity," returned Grace, casting down her eyes, as if in bashful confusion. "Men are so apt to be mercenary that I had really done you the injustice of imagining that when you learned the whole truth your sentiments would change."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the bewildered exquisite.

"Is it possible you do not know to what I allude?" asked Grace, in her turn affecting astonishment. "Why, as my friend revealed our little plot immediately on her return, you should have learned it all before now. Candidly, now, Mr. Upton, have you not heard?"

"Heard what? I assure you—but you are trifling with me, Miss Leslie."

"See, if you please," interrupted Grace, slowly, keenly enjoying his bewilderment, yet maintaining her demure, serious air. "Now that the secret is out, I must appear in my true character, as Grace Lee, the friend and confidant of Miss Leslie, the heiress."

Upton sprang from the sofa as if pierced by a shot.

"Then you are not—not Miss Leslie?" he gasped.

"Not at all, sir," was the bland reply; "only her humble companion; but why such haste, Mr. Upton?—the oratorio will not commence for some time yet," she continued, with the most unconscious air conceivable, though her blue eyes were dancing with mischievous glee, as he turned to the door to effect a hasty retreat.

Muttering an excuse, mingled with a fierce imprecation, he dashed from the room; but as he gained the hall door, Grace's merry laughter, heartily echoed by Cora and her lover, revealed to him that his mercenary views had been detected and punished in this way.

"Well, that is a capital end to the farce!" exclaimed Ned, as he and Cora emerged from the back parlor, where they had stationed themselves at the desire of Grace, and his hearty laugh still rang above the graceful merriment of the girls, as he cried: "Come in, Charlie; come and help us to enjoy the comedy. O, if you had come a little sooner!"

Grace started, and her laugh ceased abruptly, as to her deep mortification she beheld Charlie Grayson, who, ascending the front steps as Upton rushed from the house, had entered unannounced, and now stood in mute perplexity at beholding this unusual merriment and excitement. Ned, quickly informing him of what had transpired, he joined in the renewed laughter, and his brightened countenance, as he bowed to the young ladies, who were now introduced by their proper names, provoked a saucy glance from the lawyer to the blushing Grace, who, to cover her confusion, pretended to pout, and said reproachfully:

"I am afraid, Cora, you are going to get a hard-hearted husband. How can he so much enjoy my disappointment? Here I have lost a fortune and a lover in the same thinks it capital fun."

"Because I am going to console him," said Ned, "by finding for who will love you better without an

"Indeed!" said Grace, mockin will you find this rara avis?"

"Here," and with the word, Ned le by the arm, and led him, nothin Grace; then beckoning to Cora, th for the oratorio.

Charlie, though taken by surprise say, immediately:

"I have often been indebted to m cede, but never more so than at th since he has breached the subject I s have sought courage to enter upon; I should only offend, when it is my b est wish to please."

"How kind of you to endeavor to friend's idle boast," said Grace, str the matter off as a joke; but her la faltered, and her eyes fell as she en earnest expression.

"Do you imagine I jest, my dear he asked.

"I *did* think so," was the low rep from which Charlie gained encourag ere long he had drawn from her a co she not only believed his professio that her love was his in return; an neither thought of the oratorio until of Cora, who was no way surprised delighted, to be called on by the blu for her congratulations, ere they re that happy night.

The following day, Ned received a his friend Charlie.

"My dear fellow, I was just think he exclaimed, as he cordially extend "We may exchange congratulation wishes, for I see by your face that accepted lover. Have you fixed upon

"What a question, Ned! That is be settled in the future—in years t ably; but Grace is willing to wait you look so strangely at me, Ned! I could not support a wife on my sal

"No, I don't believe you could now help you up the ladder of fort will tell me the way."

"You are a kind friend, Ned," a gratefully, "and anticipate the req to make. In the first place, do you to practise your profession?" Ned b affirmative. "Then you will of co working partner; you will not wish noyed with the drudgery of the law case, I'm your man."

"You?" queried Ned, in surprise.

"Did you never hear that I once p rather tried to practise, at the bar were scarce, and to escape starvation my profession, and sought a clerksh luckily obtained. That was before I and the subject was not a pleasing tion; but I thought, of course, yo from some one else."

"No, I never heard of it till now be partners, then, as you propose, C it is a happy arrangement for me, f first rumor of the will got abroad have increased wonderfully. What legacy is supposed to have on my h I cannot imagine; but it is certain t fessional services rate higher in the of the dear public; so you may ass of a good income."

This, Charlie ascertained, was no and it was decided that, with the con and Mrs. Lee, which Grace had no de curing, a double wedding should tak the ensuing autumn. Of the surpris demonment of Cora's stratagem occas circles; the ecstacy of the elder la when he found that the very perverse deplored had won for his son the re the delight of Mrs. Alwyn at the attending on the whole affair, and through her co-operation in the plot. happy matches instead of one and riment of all concerned when it was the discomfited fortune hunter had le the city for parts unknown—no need.

When Cora and Grace returned t tant homes, they were accompanie Alwyn, who wished to enjoy a hearty her friend, Mrs. Lee, over the success "the dear girls," and by Charlie Gra he might plead his cause personally s rents of the beloved Grace.

In this he met with no difficulty; verable opinion they had formed of t sented in their daughter's and Cor was confirmed by personal observati as by Mrs. Alwyn's eloquent eulogy. received a gracious permission to re appointed time to claim his bride. Preparations went on briskly, and o day in October, Cora Leslie and Grac anined to their worthy suitors.

That winter the fair brides were nored in the gay circle of the city, how their hosts, than they had been previous. Their appearance naturall the recollection of their girlish schem ing lovers, and many congratulated t happy results—while others, chiefly had neglected the real for the suppos declared their contempt for all such ch sense. Cora and Grace, however, t their own opinion, and never had r gret the stratagem by which they won whose manly honor and sterling affe could rely with the implicit confidenc to woman.

CARD PLAYING.

Mr Gallaway, in his treatise on P says that if 1,000,000 persons, entire population of the earth, were t cards incessantly, night and day, for dred million years, at the rate of a d person a minute, and even if each of were essentially different, they would exhausted one one-hundred-thousand the number of essentially different way the fifty-two cards can be distributed four players.

fortune and a lover in the same day, and he thinks it capital fun."

"Because I am going to console you for both losses," said Ned, "by finding for you a lover who will love you better without any fortune."

"Indeed!" said Grace, mockingly, "where will you find this *rara avis*?"

"Here!" and with the word, Ned took Charlie by the arm, and led him, nothing loth, up to Grace; then beckoning to Cora, the two set off for the oratorio.

Charlie, though taken by surprise, managed to say, immediatly:

"I have often been indebted to my friend Lincoln, but never more so than at this moment, since he has broached the subject I should vainly have sought courage to enter upon; fearful that I should only offend, when it is my heart's warmest wish to please."

"How kind of you to endeavor to verify your friend's idle boast," said Grace, striving to pass the matter off as a joke; but her laughing tones faltered, and her eyes fell as she encountered his earnest expression.

"Do you imagine I jest, my dear Miss Lee?" he asked.

"I *did* think so," was the low reply, in a tone from which Charlie gained encouragement; and ere long he had drawn from her a confession that she not only believed his professions real, but that her love was his in return; and somehow, neither thought of the oratorio until the return of Cora, who was no way surprised, but greatly delighted, to be called on by the blushing Grace, for her congratulations, ere they retired to rest that happy night.

The following day, Ned received a visit from his friend Charlie.

"My dear fellow, I was just thinking of you," he exclaimed, as he cordially extended his hand. "We may exchange congratulations and good wishes, for I see by your face that you are an accepted lover. Have you fixed upon the day?"

"What a question, Ned! That is a thing to be settled in the future—in years hence, probably; but Grace is willing to wait. Why do you look so strangely at me, Ned? You know I could not support a wife on my salary."

"No, I don't believe you could; but I can now help you up the ladder of fortune, if you will tell me the way."

"You are a kind friend, Ned," said Charlie, gratefully, "and anticipate the request I came to make. In the first place, do you intend still to practise your profession?" Ned bowed in the affirmative. "Then you will of course need a working partner; you will not wish to be annoyed with the drudgery of the law. In that case, I'm your man."

"You?" queried Ned, in surprise.

"Did you never hear that I once practised, or rather tried to practise, at the bar? But clients were scarce, and to escape starvation, I threw up my profession, and sought a clerkship, which I luckily obtained. That was before I knew you, and the subject was not a pleasing one to mention; but I thought, of course, you heard it from some one else."

"No, I never heard of it till now. We will be partners, then, as you propose, Charlie; and it is a happy arrangement for me, for since the first rumor of the will got abroad my clients have increased wonderfully. What effect the legacy is supposed to have on my legal abilities, I cannot imagine; but it is certain that my professional services rate higher in the estimation of the dear public; so you may assure yourself of a good income."

This, Charlie ascertained, was no vain boast; and it was decided that, with the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Lee, which Grace had no doubt of procuring, a double wedding should take place in the ensuing autumn. Of the surprise which the *denouement* of Cora's stratagem occasioned in gay circles; the ecstacy of the elder Mr. Lincoln when he found that the very perverseness he had deplored had won for his son the real heiress; the delight of Mrs. Alwyn at the excitement attending on the whole affair, and at having through her cooperation in the plot, made two happy matches instead of one—and of the merriment of all concerned when it was found that the discomfited fortune-hunter had hurriedly left the city for parts unknown—we need not tell.

When Cora and Grace returned to their distant homes, they were accompanied by Mrs. Alwyn, who wished to enjoy a hearty laugh with her friend, Mrs. Lee, over the successful plot of "the dear girls," and by Charlie Grayson, that he might plead his cause personally with the parents of the beloved Grace.

In this he met with no difficulty; for the favorable opinion they had formed of him, as described in their daughter's and Cora's letters, was confirmed by personal observation, as well as by Mrs. Alwyn's eloquent eulogy; so that he received a gracious permission to return at the appointed time to claim his betrothed bride. Preparations went on briskly, and on a lovely day in October, Cora Leslie and Grace Lee were united to their worthy suitors.

That winter the fair brides were no less admired in the gay circles of the city, which was now their home, than they had been the year previous. Their appearance naturally revived the recollection of their girlish schemes for trying lovers, and many congratulated them on its happy results—while others, chiefly those who had neglected the real for the supposed heiress, declared their contempt for all such childish nonsense. Cora and Grace, however, maintained their own opinion, and never had cause to regret the stratagem by which they won hearts, in whose manly honor and sterling affection they could rely with the implicit confidence so dear to woman.

CARD PLAYING.

Mr. Galloway, in his treatise on Probability, says that if 1,000,000,000 persons, about the entire population of the earth, were to deal the cards incessantly, night and day, for one hundred million years, at the rate of a deal by each person a minute, and even if each of these deals were essentially different, they would not have exhausted one one-hundred-thousandth part of the number of essentially different ways in which the fifty-two cards can be distributed between four players.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TWO MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

BY J. GRAFTON ALLEN.

The monks of La Trappe never speak to one another, except when they utter one short, solemn sentence. They live in stern seclusion. They live together, but hold no pleasant intercourse. They are men whose past lives have been full of misfortune and sorrow. Here, far away from the world, they indulge in bitter remembrances, or seek to escape from the past by turning all their thoughts and desires to the future. And amid all their fastings, and prayers, their meditations, and varying moods, they speak to each other only one solemn sentence.

When they meet in the morning, their only salutation is, "Brother, we must die!" When two meet in a walk, their only greeting is, "Brother, we must die!" And all their intercourse by conversation is confined to this, except at the last moment of life, when this awful truth is about to be fulfilled: then the last sacrament is administered, and the consolations of the church are spoken to the dying.

Among the many strange beings whom misfortune and disgust of life had gathered here, none was more mysterious or unknown than the monk Anselmo. His face was always shaded by his cowl, which concealed it entirely from view. His head was always bent downward, his eyes ever sought the ground, and full of mystic and startling meaning were the tones of his voice when he uttered the words, "Brother, we must die!"

For many years he had been here. Never had he taken any interest in surrounding things, or sought the company of others. For while the greater part of the other monks would walk together in silence, he always remained aloof. But after Gonsalvo came, it was so no longer. Gonsalvo was young, but his noble features bore the mark of deep suffering. His face, too, was seldom seen. He, too, wandered alone for a time, involved in his own thoughts. But to him these were moments of happiness, and when sometimes his eyes sought heaven, the monks saw in them an almost divine light, and on his face an expression of prayerful happiness.

After Gonsalvo had been there a few months, it was noticed that Anselmo and he were always together. On meeting, their mournful salutation was repeated in a tone of sympathy, and sometimes in parting for the night, an embrace was added. Thus it was for three years. But at length Anselmo was not seen in the cloisters. Gonsalvo found him sick, and stationing himself in his room, watched over him with filial tenderness, and even in his sufferings did not forget this mysterious precaution.

One day Gonsalvo sat by the side of his friend, gazing intently upon his attenuated form. For some hours he sat in silence. At length Anselmo spoke—

"Friend!"

It was a voice of indescribable sweetness.

"O, friend!" responded Gonsalvo, bending forward with tearful eyes. "Break this long silence. I know not what it is in your voice that moves me so strangely. Speak once more, I pray you!"

"Yes; I will speak," answered Anselmo. "For now I am at the point of death, and I would wish to tell you what has brought me here, so that sometimes after I am gone, you may drop a tear over my sorrows, and pray for the soul of—of Anselmo."

"O, friend—Anselmo—tell me all—in me you will find one like a son—"

"Son! O God of pity! But listen—listen!" Then Anselmo, after a long breath, began:

"I was once a mighty nobleman, one of the noblest and most powerful in Spain. There all nobles and all men are proud, but when I tell you that I was the head of the most ancient family in the kingdom, and counted myself more noble than even the stern Philip—you will understand my pride, and know whether I had not reason to be so."

Gonsalvo seemed strangely aroused.

"I was young, noble, first in all the manly arts of youth. There was no knight at Philip's court who could compete with me. And then the young king—Philip was young then—he chose me for his most intimate friend. Could mortal life open more brilliantly? The king at that time was desirous of entering into a negotiation of the most delicate kind with the king of Portugal. In fact, it was the union of the young princess with himself that he so ardently desired. Everybody had spoken of her beauty and accomplishments, and he had become so charmed with what he had heard of her, that he determined to unite himself to her. Thus he would gratify the desires of his heart, and he would join in one the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. It was an alliance which the whole nation most ardently desired. Who could be equal to me to negotiate the union? I was sent upon this delicate and important mission.

"O the Princess Nina! Never, never since the world was first created was there seen so lovely, so angelic a being. Just emerging from girlhood, her features possessed a beauty and an innocence of expression which never could be equalled. As soon as I beheld her I became entranced, fascinated, overwhelmed by so much beauty.

"Caution or fear were feelings which never have been peculiar to Spaniards, and I was utterly destitute of them. At once my master, my country, and my God were all forgotten. To advocate the king's suit, I was permitted to see the princess incessantly. Alas! it was my own that I advocated. We were together. Her innocent heart was all yielded up to me. She became mine, and thought of no other than me. Do you know the nature of a Spaniard or a Portuguese? It is all fire. It is like the nature of a tiger when roused. So we, caring only for one another, were ready to give up all things, here and hereafter, to possess one another."

"I had private messages sent back to the king, in which I gave such an account of the princess that he gave up all thoughts of her. He trusted me implicitly. He could not disbelieve me, for we had always been together, and he looked up to me and loved me as an elder brother.

"The princess contrived an expedition to a favorite castle, and I went with her. We were married there by her priest, who could not resist our entreaties. He knew, too, that I was of the most princely race that the world could boast. O me—What a day!"

Gonsalvo sat like a statue, with folded arms, and face as white as marble.

"To think that I would become a deceiver, and prove false to all—to king, and country, and God. I persuaded King John of Portugal that all was going on well, that King Philip was favorably impressed; but I managed things so artfully, that the business continued to be delayed.

"Then word was brought to the king that the princess was very ill. She remained at the castle in the country. No one was permitted to see her. I alone by stealth visited her occasionally. She bore a son to me.

"I never saw him. She sent me word of it, and told me that there was punctured on his breast a ducal coronet. But I had to flee without seeing him, for King Philip believing that the Portuguese monarch had been cajoling him, flew into a rage which nothing could quell. War was declared between the two kingdoms, and I was compelled to take the head of the Spanish armies, for no warrior was equal to me.

"It was all through me that the fairest portions of Portugal were desolated. At the head of triumphant armies I marched through the kingdom. For ten years the fierce struggle went on, but at last Portugal, broken down, humbled, and conquered, was glad to make a peace. We, too, welcomed a peace with joy, for our resources were greatly exhausted.

"See me—O see me—I am a monster. I have brought ruin and desolation to thousands. Yet O think not I was unpunished. Retribution came at last, even to me.

"In those years of war, the excitement was sufficient to throw away all thoughts of remorse. If at times they came to me they were speedily banished. Yet I strove to see my wife. Every castle was searched. Every peasant was tested. But from the hour when I had left her, nothing had ever been heard of the ill fated princess Nina. She had died—yes—she had died—perchance broken hearted!"

Gonsalvo trembled and clenched his hands together; but Anselmo did not see him.

"Twelve years of peace followed," he continued, "twelve years—O me, those long, long years. The king trusted me, the nation honored me. Mine was chief among the Spanish names. But O, now there were no fierce thoughts of war, no carnage to keep my thoughts from the past, or to keep down the ghosts of former crimes, which constantly uprose before me. No one knew that I, the byword for honesty, and honor, and chivalry, was evermore tortured by remembrances of unuttered baseness. Agony, O agony! I could then know what were the tortures of the lost. Remorse forever tormented me. I could not confess—to whom would I have dared to tell my tale?

"During all those years I sent secret emissaries everywhere, but never discovered anything. Gloomy thoughts of the princess's fate beset me continually. Where, then, was she? Where was my son? Did he live? O, Heaven! Iwas soon to know!

"War broke out again between the two kingdoms. There were stories of a great Portuguese knight, whose prowess was beyond that of every other living man. There were constant reports of his achievements. All through Portugal they sang songs in his honor. He was only named the knight Hubert, but under that name had won the most enviable renown. I knew not what it was that made me feel so strangely whenever his name was mentioned. I loved to hear about him, to listen to those songs, to imagine to myself his appearance. I would have sought him out, but war arose.

"I tried to prevent that war. It was impossible. The Portuguese monarch, stung by the memory of past defeat, had determined upon it, and nothing could prevent him. The knight Hubert was leader of his armies. I was again appointed to the command of ours. I was seized with an unconquerable reluctance; but I could not overcome it. I wanted to give the command to others. I pleaded a thousand excuses. The king himself spoke to me, and told me the people hinted daily at cowardice in me. Then I hesitated no longer.

"I have not much more strength,—I will hasten to an end. One day with a small party of soldiers, I rode at a distance from my camp, which was near the frontiers, when suddenly rounding a hill, an equal number appeared full in view. A majestic figure rode at their head. We stopped simultaneously.

"The leader of the enemy advanced to meet me. I could not see his features, nor could he see mine. 'Who are you?' he asked, in a voice which made me thrill through every nerve. 'I am captain of these men,' said I; for I did not wish to acknowledge my rank. He dared me to single combat. I felt a strange reluctance, but could not evade it. We began the fight, while all the others were spectators.

"Never before had I found such a foe. Gradually the excitement of the fight drove out every other feeling. This then I knew was the great knight Hubert, for who other could so long withstand me?

"We fought for two hours; but no advantage was gained on either side. Then we rested and drank.

"'Are you not more than you say?' he cried, as he came to the fight again. 'Tell me, I implore you?'

"'I am a captain,' said I.

"Then we fought again. For two hours longer we struggled. Never did two fight more equally. At last he wounded me in the arm. The slight loss of blood seemed to create in me a fury such as I had not yet felt. I rushed on him, impelled by fate. My heavy sword descended upon him—he fell! I sprang down. A thousand forebodings rushed through me. I unfastened his armor. I took off his helmet. O God, the features were my own—my own! Frantically I tore open his vesture. There—or his breast—was the mark—the coronet."

Anselmo shuddered and trembled.

Gonsalvo clutched his chair, but restrained the emotion which well nigh overcame him.

"'My son! My son!' I cried. 'O my son!'

"He opened his dying eyes. 'Are you, then, he whom I took you to be?' O my father—my father! I have sought you for years. But I did not dare to come to you till I was worthy of you. Why did you not tell me, and save us all from this?'

"I flung my arms around him. I tore off my visor and kissed the pale forehead and cold lips of my son. Killed—killed by me—O Heaven! He smiled upon me as he lay there in all his manly beauty. It was a mournful smile. He could yet speak a few words. He said they had told him of his birth, and he had tried to become worthy of his father. Few words. Soon all was over. The rear guard of the Portuguese approached. My men forced me away. I lost my son! I fled away to a foreign land, and now am only the monk Anselmo. Here I mourn my son—"

"Father! Father!" cried Gonsalvo, springing from his chair. And snatching in his arms the feeble form of Anselmo: "Mourn not—O cease from your sorrow. O my father! See me here! I am—I am Hubert! O God! for years, three long years of silence, I have believed it sometimes, but hardly dared to think it possible. Father—O father—speak—!"

The old man threw back his cowl.

"Hubert! Hubert!—Can it be so? I have thought so a thousand times. It is—it is—O my son!"

He flung his feeble arms around Gonsalvo, and sank down upon his pillow.

"It was this—this, Hubert, my son, that drew me to you, and you to me, when first you entered these walls. O my child, my son, since Heaven has brought you here, I can now believe that I can have happiness and pardon beyond the grave. But tell me—tell me before I die—how did you escape. I left you with a terrible wound—in the arms of death."

"Your mother? Nina—my wife? O gracious Heaven!"

"Yes; my mother—your Nina. After you had been absent two years she took me to the convent which she had entered for life. There she nursed me, and there too, bearing at last that you had been killed in battle, she yielded up her gentle soul to death."

"Place your arms around me—closer—closer—closer!" murmured Anselmo. "I am faint—O my son—my son! Heaven is indeed merciful. My Nina is in heaven. She awaits me with outstretched arms. O happiness!"

The dying man sank back into the arms of his son. For two hours he declined, and then murmuring the name of Hubert and Nina, he sank into the last, long sleep.

The next day the bell of the monastery tolled for the death of the monk Anselmo. But Gonsalvo wept over a father, and when he stood over his lowly grave, he knew and he alone, that beneath it lay the ashes of the once mighty Hubert, head of the great house of Guyman.

There he mourned and prayed for five years longer, and then joined his parents in heaven. And now in one tomb father and son are lying, while on the stone above is carved, "Anselmo, pater; Gonsalvo, filius—Ora pro nobis!"

THE FIRST SAW-MILL.

The old practice in making boards was to split up the logs with wedges; and inconvenient in the practice was, it was no easy thing to persuade the world that it could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new-fangled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its own interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces. Such patriotic spirit could not always last, and now, though we have nowhere seen the fact distinctly stated, there is reason to believe that saw-mills are used in England.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ABERNETHIANA.

Abernethy's mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well-bred physicians, and he heartily despised their little arts to acquire popularity. He received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits, in the following manner: First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger. Abernethy: "Cut!" Lady: "Bite." A.: "Dog!" L.: "Parrot." "Go home and groan it." Second day—Finger held out again. A.: "Better!" L.: "Worse." A.: "Go home and poultice it again." Third day—Finger held out as before. A.: "Better!" L.: "Well." A.: "You are the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-by. Get out."—*English Journal.*

THE VILLAGE IDLER.

Everybody knows him. He is an easy, harmless, lounging, good for nothing creature! He has time, but it is wasted; talents, but they are utterly uncultivated; opportunity, but it is never improved; he spends it without object, or use, or aim, or end. In youth he neglected school, disobeyed his parents, was a stranger to the house of God, made no effort to prepare for the future, and now, without character, respectability, employment, or a home, he wanders about from the bar-room to the street, and back again to the bar-room;—a burden to himself, a disgrace to his relations and to all a warning, that a misspent youth brings after it a useless manhood and miserable old age.—*Scioto Gazette.*

THE AMERICAN ALADDIN.

When we go out on Saturday afternoons to moralize and see how houses, we usually take our young ones by Aladdin's palace. Aladdin was a Yankee. He started life by swapping jackknives, then putting the halves of broken marbles together, and passing them off as whole ones. When he had gathered some brass, he went to school all the summer to learn the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself and subtraction for his neighbor.

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain—which meant that he could always succeed in changing a worse for a better—always keeping the blind side of a horse to the wall when he had to sell it; and the village said that certainly Aladdin would succeed. When he left, "he will be rich," said the village, with more approval than it would say "he will be generous and true." To Aladdin the world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no history, no piety, no heroism. Vainly the stars shone over him—vainly the south wind blew. In the wake of the great ship Argo, in which Jason and his companions sailed for the Golden Fleece, over the gleaming Mediterranean—where the ships of Tyre, Rome, and of the Crusaders had been before him—through the Pillars of Hercules, through which Columbus sailed to find fame in the discovery of a new world—now sails Aladdin to find fortune.

To him all lands are alike. No Homer sang for him in the Ægean; he only curses the wind that will not blow him into Odessa. No syrens sing for him, but he loves the huge oath of the lively boatswain. With the Bible in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his mouth, he goes about the holy places in Jerusalem, and "calculates" their exact site. He sees the land of the Ramesses and the Ptolemies; and the reverend records of the Lybian desert, whose echoes have slumbered since they were trampled over by Alexander's army, are now awakened by the shrill whistle of Old Dan Tucker. He insults the Grand Llama, bob-nobs with the Grand Mogul, turns his back upon emperors, and takes a pinch of snuff out of the Pope's snuff box. He chews tobacco with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bride with the Calmuck Tartars.

Aladdin comes home again, and the admiring village points him out to the younger generation as a successful man: "My son, look at him; he began with nothing—now see." "My son" does see, and beholds him owning a million of dollars—of all societies of which he is not president, a director. His name is as good as gold—he has bought pictures and statues—he has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin, and housed her in luxury; but he picks his teeth with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he makes it his boast that he reads nothing but the newspaper. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher denounces the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah, and those "tough old Jews" of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with the sermons which have hit and glanced off. He clasps his hand in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor box is passed around; and he has gone home like a successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are. And after dinner he sits before the fire in his easy chair, lights a large cigar, and looks languidly at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By and-by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are told over as the mourning carriages are called out. The papers regret they are called upon to deplore the loss of a revered parent, generous friend, public spirited citizen, and pious man; and the precocious swapper of jack-knives, and the model set up to the young generation is laid in the dust. Above his grave the stars he never saw now burn with a soft lustre which no lamps round a king's tomb can emulate; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his brow he was never grateful, strews his lonely last bed with anemones and violets that his heel crushed when living; and we who are to be formed upon that model, carelessly remark, as we stir our teddies, "So old Aladdin is gone at last; and, by the way, how much did he leave?"—*From a lecture by G. W. Curtis.*

POLITENESS.

The most characteristic instance of carrying politeness to an extreme came off not long since at a Hibernian ball. As related to us by one of the sons of Erin, who keenly appreciates a good thing, it seems that one gay Lothario pro tempore, in crossing the room to request Bridget's hand in the next reel, stumbled over the outstretched foot of Mr. Terrence O'Grady. Misther O'Grady promptly arose, and in the politest manner imaginable, said, "I beg your pardon, sir!" "No offince—no offince, sir, at all," responded the other, "it was *my* fault!" "I beg yer pardon, sir, it was intirely *my* fault," was the response, accompanied with a graceful bend of the body and wave of the hand. "No, sir," answered Mr. O'Toole, "yer *intirely* in the wrong, sir, I tell ye it was altogether *my* fault!" "I tell ye it was *not*, sir!" responded O'Grady," de ye mane to say I'd be telling a lie, sir?" "Bad luck to you, sir, de ye mane to say *I'd* be telling a lie, sir, when I tell ye it wasn't yer fault?" responded O'Toole, waxing wroth. "Bad luck to yer bad breding, ye ignorant boothoon, d'ye think we'd be getting the bether o'me in manners?' shouted O'Grady, as with a trip and a blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole upon the floor. O'Toole rallied, and a rough and tumble ensued, which ended in the expulsion of both gentlemen from the ball room.—*California Pioneer.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DECEMBER.

BY GEORGE A. TOWNSEND.

Other folks may tell of June,
And boast of ripe September,
But of all the months in the live-long year,
The merriest is December.

What though the wintry wind blow bleak,
And the tempest loud be wailing;
What though the howling storm-king wreak
His vengeance unavailing.

The gathering snow may fill the vale,
The piercing frost begin;
But though the prospect's bad without,
There's a merry time within.

The plate of nuts goes quickly round,
The new, sweet cider warms,
The giddy mazes of the dance
Invite to all its charms.

Th' entrancing legends quaintly told,
By an old, gray-headed sage,
Together with the sonnets old,
Our warmest thoughts engage.

And when the vales are filled with snow,
Bring out you gallant sleigh,
Let prancing steeds their mettle show,
December's here—hurrah!

Anon the river's crest is spread;
Clean up your shining steel,
And o'er the spangled, glassy main,
Glide with a lightning reel.

Welcome, old Winter—welcome in!
Thy sports we long remember;
The month for me, the merry month,
Is jolly, bleak December.

And when the joyful Christmas comes,
Blaze up those dying embers,
And sing a sweet, a warming tune,
In honor of December.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHAT MY SPANKER-BOOM DID.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CAPTAIN BEN. LAMSON was called on for the next story. He begged to be let off, but 'twas no go, and after some persuasion he delivered himself as follows:

"Well, gentlemen, if you wont let me off, why, you must put up with a very simple story, though, to tell the truth, it has been a very important one to me. I am yet young, and have never had much thrilling adventure; but I'll tell you a story of what my spanker-boom once did for me.

"The new ship Leo lay at the wharf in New York, and I had been expecting to take command of her. To be sure I was quite young—only eight-and-twenty—and the ship was a large one. But I received a note from the agent informing me that another commander had been secured. Of course I felt bad, and not a few tears did I shed out of pure vexation. I went to the agent, and he told me that it was through the influence of Mr. Roland Smith, that the place had been lost to me. This piece of intelligence changed my feelings at once, and wrath and indignation took the place of disappointment. I'll tell you about Mr. Roland Smith:

"He was a wealthy merchant, and intimately connected in business with the owners of the Leo. I had once been in his employ as supercargo when he was engaged in the shipping business, and I then became acquainted with his only child—a girl, named Kate. She was a beautiful creature—at least, then—and I loved her; and you may be sure my love was not lessened when I found that she loved me in return. We at length confessed our mutual passion, and pledged our faith forever. I asked Mr. Smith for his child's hand, and he spurzed me as though I had been a dog, and solely because I was only a mate of a ship. Yet I saw Kate often after that. She was a proud, spirited girl and the thought that she was to be made an article of merchandize, galled her to the soul. I was too honest to propose a clandestine marriage, and we separated. I wont tell you how, only I thought her heart would break. She clung to my neck and wept like a child, and told me she would follow me to the ends of the earth if I would have it so. But I had made up my mind not to take her from her father who might thus be made her enemy, and I—I—kissed her—blessed her—and then tore myself away. That was about six months before the time of which I have spoken. Since then I had heard that Kate was to be married to a man by the name of Augustus Hampton. He was rich, very rich—an Englishman by birth, and—his money was all to recommend him.

"A week passed away, and I had got all ready to start for Baltimore, when, one afternoon, as I sat in the office of the hotel, the penny-post-man brought me a note. I opened it—it was from the agent. He wanted to see me at once, and down to his office I went.

"'Captain Lamson,' said he, as I entered, 'your lucky star is up. Bisbee is sick—down with a fever—and you must take the ship, after all.'

"'But the owners,' said I.

"'Have wanted you from the first,' he answered. 'So no more words. They wont consult with Roland Smith again. When can you be ready?'

"'To-morrow,' I told him.

"'Then have all ready, and the boat will be after you at any hour you set. The Leo's berth is wanted at the wharf, and she will drop down to-night under charge of the pilot.'

"I set ten o'clock of the next day as the hour for the boat to come off, and at the appointed time I was there, bag, box, chest and baggage. I took all the papers of the agent, received my duplicate of the contract between myself and the owners, and then set off. When I reached the deck of the ship I felt proud. She was a beauty, new, neat, and trim, and as fine a crew as I ever saw. Her deck was nearly flush, and was white as sand and water could make it. The men received me with three cheers, and as soon as I had returned the compliment we proceeded to get under weigh. The anchors were up, the topsails sheeted home and hoisted, and I had just given orders to drop the courses, when my eye caught a female form coming up from the cabin. I turned to look at her, and—saw Kate!—but Kate Smith no longer, for by her side was her husband. Our eyes met, and a quick, stifled cry broke from her lips, and in a moment more she would have fallen to the deck had not her husband supported her. She was taken below, and after a while I became composed enough to attend to my duty.

"Here was a strange position, to be sure. At that moment I would have given all I was worth to have been on shore, for how could I experience anything but pain under such circumstances? To be thus near the being I so wildly loved—to be with her—in the same cabin with her—to see her sweet face, and hear her tuneful voice—to see her smiles, and know her priceless worth—and yet see her another's! It made me mad—the very thought—and it was dinner time ere I could pluck up the courage to go to the cabin. But when I went down I found that Kate was not there, and when her husband came, he informed me that his wife was very unwell, and would not grace our table that day. A young negro boy, some twenty years old, accompanied Mr. Hampton, and this, he informed me, was his servant, whom he called Cato. There was also a female servant in charge of Kate. My state-room was next to the cabin, on the starboard side, my first mate's on the larboard, and the other officers' were further forward. Mr. Hampton and wife had engaged the largest room, which was next forward to my own, but separated by a transverse passage-way where the ventilators were set.

"Kate did not come out to supper, and so I saw no more of her that day. When I went to my state-room at night, I saw a neatly folded note upon my table. It was written with a pencil, and in a tremulous, uneven hand, but I recognized Kate's chirography at once. I remember well the exact words, for I read it over many times. It ran in these words:

"'BENJAMIN, my—[here she stopped and made a rub with her finger, and then went on] Mr. Hampton does not know that I ever knew you. For the love of mercy, do not let him know it, for he is (here she stopped again, but I knew what she meant), but you know what I mean. My heart may break, but I will keep it hidden. O, I have not been false—I could not help this. They made me do it. But we shall meet in heaven. Until then there is no happiness for poor Kate. My father told me you would not go in this ship—O, I wish you had not, for I—' (here she stopped again, and after this she only signed her name, but if I hadn't known the hand, I should never have made KATE out of the tremulous scrawl with which she closed.

"Of course I resolved to brace myself to the task, and by the next morning I had worked my soul into comparative quiet, and Benjamin introduced his wife to me, and I professed to be very happy to make the acquaintance. Good heavens! how my heart fluttered at that moment. Kate's hand was as cold as marble, and her face was as pale.

"'This sea travelling doesn't agree with her,' Hampton explained, as he noticed her look.

"I made some remark—I don't know what—and then we sat down to breakfast, and while I ate, I couldn't help contrasting Mr. Hampton with myself. He was a tall, slim man, with sharp, angular features; black eyes; straight, coarse, black hair, and with a harsh, bitter expression of countenance that had no relief. He was near forty years of age, and just such a man as I should pick out from a multitude if I wanted something to distrust and despise. Kate was just twenty, small and plump, with sunny, curling hair; deep lustrous eyes of a sort of red, soft, warm brown; features of rare loveliness and purity, and carrying in every look and tone the soul of one who could only live happy for something to love and loving.

"At the end of a week Mr. Augustus Hampton had made himself obnoxious to every living thing on board the ship. Kate kept her state-room most of the time, and when she did make her appearance, she could not hide the traces of tears upon her fair cheeks. Poor Cato came in for more kicks than coppers. His master was ugly and abusive in the extreme. Several times when Hampton had been abusing the poor negro had I been upon the point of interfering, but I feared a rupture between him and me, and my heart was already as full of bitterness and hatred as it could hold, for I knew that he abused Kate! In fact, he was by nature an ugly man, and one of those strange beings whom we sometimes meet, who seem to be always full of venom, which must be spit out upon somebody. Ere long my suspicions with regard to his ill-treatment of his wife were confirmed, for one afternoon, while in my state-room, I heard him ask her to drink some wine, at the same time telling her 'twould make her feel better. She objected—he persisted. She said 'twould make her head ache—he said he knew better. She resisted still—and then I heard him say—he prefaced the remark with an oath:

"'Drink it, or I'll force it down you, glass and all! I know what's good for you!'

"I heard a deep groan from the unhappy wife, and with my fists clenched, and my teeth set, I darted from my room. But I stopped ere I reached their door. An unseen hand seemed to hold me back, and stopping my ears I rushed on deck.

"Half an hour afterwards Hampton came up, and I could see that he had more wine aboard than was good for his disposition. He called for Cato. The negro went aft. My attention was at that moment directed to the ship, for we were going about. The wind had been light and baffling ever since noon, sometimes coming out in quick puffs from one quarter, and soon whiffling around in the opposite direction. A little breeze had just sprung up from the east'rd, and I hoped 'twould hold there, so I had the ship just about—we were her—and soon as the course was set I turned towards the poop.

Hampton had accused Cato of drinking his wine, and the negro stoutly denied the charge. But the master knew better. He caught the poor negro by the collar, and then laid hold upon the end of the spanker-sheet and commenced to flog him with it. As quick as a flash I darted aft and caught the rope from Hampton's hands.

"'You will not make a whipping place of my quarter-deck, sir!' I uttered.

"'Ha!' he returned, turning upon me like a tiger. 'Do you dare to interfere with me?'

"I don't think I was ever so utterly, perfectly angry before nor since, and while I was trying to think of words savage enough to hurl back at him, my rage calmed down into bitter contempt.

"'You will feel rather mortified, sir,' I said, 'to have the crew see you in irons.'

"'*Me!* *Me!* in irons!' he gasped. 'Who'll do it?'

"'Show me one look, or speak but a single word of insolence, and I'll have you ironed on the instant.'

"I had just made that reply when I heard the sails flutter, and at the same moment the man at the wheel sung out, '*Look out for a gibe!*'

"'Down! down!' I cried, and and at the same time I stooped, but Hampton, whose brain was bewildered, instead of stooping, made a rush for the starboard rail, as though he would run away from the coming danger. I would have saved him if I could, but 'twas too late. I cried out to him, but he did not understand. The ponderous spanker-boom came over like a flash, and struck him fair upon the head. I saw a shadowy outline of something going over the rail, and that was the last of Augustus Hampton. I ordered the main yards braced around as quickly as possible, and seizing the hatchet I cut away the lashings of the stern boat, and ordered the crew in. In three minutes from the time the man went overboard, the boat was in the water, but no Hampton could be found. I kept the boat rowing about for nearly half an hour, but all in vain. The blow of the boom must have killed him, and he sank at once!

"Now what a position I was in! As true as there is a God in heaven, my first feelings were those of sorrow that the man had gone. But I wont try to tell you any of the strange emotions that went rioting through my soul for the next half hour, only I tried to keep back the one deepest emotion that at length came to my heart. After all efforts to recover the lost man had proved fruitless, and I had somewhat regained my composure, I went below. I knocked at Kate's door, and she bade me come in. I entered, but I started on beholding the *widow*. Her face was pale, her hair dishevelled, and her dress all stained with wine. She started on beholding me, and quickly uttered:

"'Don't interfere, sir, for you couldn't help me. O, I must bear it!'

"'Alas, Kate,' I said, 'I have come to bring you bad news. Your husband is lost overboard.'

"A moment she gazed into my face, and then she sprang forward and clasped me by the arms.

"'Ben,' she said, in a hoarse whisper—and I thought she'd look me right through—'what have you done?'

"'Take care—take care, Kate,' I said, or I shall think you don't know my heart. I tried all that laid in my power to save him, but his own wickedness killed him. He was beating poor Cato—he stood close to the taffrail—and I had just interfered, when the wind took us aback, and the spanker-boom gibed in an instant. The man at the wheel sung out—and I sung out—but Hampton, instead of stooping, turned to run away from it. Twice I cried out for him to stoop, but the wine in his head must have confused him. The boom struck him, and he was knocked overboard in a second. In less than three minutes I had my boat down, and I made my second mate cruise about some twenty minutes, but the man was not to be found. The blow must have killed him.' Here I stopped a moment, and then I added, 'God knows, Kate, that I would have saved this man. But—he is now where his passions are at rest.'

"Kate sat down and buried her face in her hands, and in a sobbing tone she bade me leave her. I did not see her again for three days. Her servant carried her victuals to her, and attended to all her wants, while Cato begged to be taken into my service; and when I finally gave him a place by my side he fairly cried for joy. On the fourth morning from the death of Hampton we saw a sail to the eastward, and when we spoke it, it proved to be the barque Nimrod, from Bristol, and bound direct for New York. The wind was low, the sea smooth, and I had my boat lowered and went on board. Jack Daniels commanded her—he was an old shipmate of mine—and I asked him if he could take two passengers, a lady and her servant. He said he could, and that his accommodations were good. He promised to lie-to while I went back to my ship to see if the females would go. I stood some time before Kate's door before I could calm myself. But I knocked at length, and in a moment more the servant opened the door and passed out, bidding me enter.

"'Kate,' I said, 'there is a fine barque alongside, bound directly for New York. I know the captain, and he is a noble fellow, and can give you the best of accommodations. Would you like to go with him?'

"Kate bowed her head, and for a full minute she kept her hand upon her face. When she looked up the tears stood in her eyes, and in a choking voice she said:

"'If you would send me home, I shall not object to any accommodations you may secure for me.'

"'But I shall not send you home,' I told her.

"Then she looked up into my face, and arose to her feet. There was a strange expression on her sweet features, and it was one of those earnest, prayerful, imploring looks which can never be translated into spoken language. She took a step nearer to me, and instinctively I put out my arms. I didn't speak—I couldn't—but in a moment more her head was upon my bosom, and my arms were wound tightly about her. So we stood. I know not how long, but I spoke first.

"'Kate, you will not leave me?'

"'Never again!' burst from her lips, and she sobbed and wept like a child. I put her from me and hastened on deck, and in a few moments more Jack Daniels gave his mainstop-sail to the breeze, and stood on without his passengers. From that time Kate began to grow like her former self, and by the time we had cast anchor in the Mersey she was the same Kate I had loved for so long. I took her ashore and found rooms in one of the best hotels, and together we wandered about among objects of interest when I could spare the time. I asked her what we should do with her husband's things, and she told me to do what I thought best, she wanted not an article of them all. So I took them to the custom-house, and the officers there sent them on their way to London, together with a full account of their owner's death.

"The day before we were to sail I sat down by Kate's side and took her hand. I looked into her face, and she trembled, but she smiled, too, and I could see that big tears were gathering in her eyes.

"'Kate,' I whispered, 'you have obeyed your father to the letter once, and a strange providence has released you from the terrible thraldom into which you were thrown. Now dare you try that iron bond again?'

"She rested her head upon my bosom, but answered no more.

"'Kate,' I continued, 'will you be my wife!'

"She started up and threw her arms about my neck, and amid her sobs she uttered:

"'O, Benjamin, can you take me now—and—and love me as you did before?'

"'Better, better!' I cried; 'for now I know how noble and true you are, and what a heaven of purity there is in your soul. And I know, too, how miserable I should ever be without you.'

"She simply placed her small white hand in mine, and then, while the warm tears gushed forth, her head once more sank forward upon my bosom, and in a low, sweet tone she murmured:

"'I am now only what I was long ago—yours—yours—forever!'

"That night my whole ship's company were at the hotel, and they saw their captain and his widowed passenger united for life. O, 'twas a glorious time, and were it not for the deep, solemn emotions which the heart only can feel, and which may never be shown in outward sign, I should have said my noble men were as happy as I.

"And so Kate was a wife once more. Our return voyage was quickly run, and together Kate and I went up to her father's house. She saw the old man first. I was left alone half an hour, and was beginning to fear my wife had lost her father, when the door opened and he came in, leading Kate by the hand. He came up to where I sat, and I arose. He extended his hand, and I knew all was right.

"'God did it,' he said. 'Kate has told me all. I didn't mean to make her miserable. But—but—we'll talk of it some other time. Forget the past; let us only remember that all is now right.'

"So it was all right, and my little wife was happier than ever. I afterwards learned that the old man began to repent as soon as his daughter was gone, for as he found himself all alone he had nothing to do but reflect, and his reflections made him unhappy. And with his own lips he told me that the moment he saw his sweet child, and knew that she would leave him no more, he thanked God that I was her husband.

"And so, gentlemen, my story ends, save that I may tell you the old man still lives, and my home is beneath his roof, and if you would wish to see a happy, joyous trio, you should see him, when he gets my two little children under full headway of fun and frolic. He is passing his happiest days now, and as for the other two characters in the drama, I will only say, no cloud has yet rested on the haven of their joy."

ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF NEBRASKA.

On the upper Missouri there exists a tract of country known by the name of Mauvaises Terres or bad lands; at one time, probably the bottom of an immense lake, in which perished thousands of animals having now no representatives on earth. It appears that the waters of this immense pond were removed by some convulsion of nature or other, and the sediment at the bottom became indurated.

The portion of the valley, thus excavated, forms a surface of ninety miles in length, and thirty in breadth. The remains of animals which have lived and breathed, long before the advent of man on earth, are here found in such abundance as to form of this tract an immense cemetery of vertebrata. The bones are said to be completely petrified, and their cavities filled with silicious matter. They are preserved in various degrees of integrity, some most beautifully perfect, and others broken.

Two remarkable species of rhinoceros, the first ever found in America, were discovered here, and also a sort of panther, smaller than the present variety, and likewise a number of strange animals with long names, unlike anything which man ever saw alive. We know, then, that there were once individuals in Nebraska, as curious and as strangely shaped, and as pugnacious as any squatter whom the present great rush of emigration will carry there.—*American Patriot.*

THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Fifty years ago at a Thanksgiving sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Stoel, in Egremont, Mass., the governor's proclamation was read as usual, and the clergyman had proceeded until he came to the clause where a blessing was implored on our fisheries, when a most laughable incident occurred. Some wag had ingeniously erased the word *fisheries* and inserted *chickery*. By the way, it may be proper to state, that the place was famous for woodchucks, otherwise groundhogs, so much so that it had for a long time borne the name of woodchuck town. The reverend gentleman stopped short—the word chuckery applied him—at length he proceeded—"chuck—chuck—chuckery,—and chuckery it is," burst from him, and produced a universal roar of laughter from the audience, exciting the risibilities of even the grave elders and deacons.—*Berkshire Journal.*

WHAT KINGS ARE MADE OF.

A few years ago, says a correspondent of the Transcript, there was an obese loafer at Bordentown, N. J. who used to drink with fellows about town, and borrow two shillings at a time from the gentlemen of the place, while his wife kept a most respectable school, and his aristocratic looking daughter was the cynosure for all eyes at church. Now this same free and easy idler, whose scores at the Bordentown shops were unpaid a few months ago, and probably are still, has got up a mimic court in the shadow of the Tuileries, and is followed by a retinue of Italian exiles, who believe that, ere long, the sceptre of Naples will be his as King Murat the Second.—*Saturday Even. Gazette.*

Jester's Picnic.

That was a queer conceit related of one of the ministers of King Otho, of Greece, who was subject to mental hallucination:

Once, after having sent for the chief of the police of Patras to come to his cabinet, he locked the door after he had entered. 'Sir,' said the minister, 'are you a man of skill?' 'I do my best to be so, your excellency.' 'Very well, if you are skilful, get out of that door!' The police officer was frightened, and called for help. Assistance came, and the minister was found leaning back in his armchair, convulsed with laughter. Really, there seems to have been 'method in his madness,' and he was certainly a witty maniac, and might have given King Otho better advice than some wiser heads."

"What's that!" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column on the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris.

"The pillar of Napoleon," was the answer.

"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow! He was a great man for to use that! But it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe! Ah, Iky, see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on that ironical pillow!"

"Is your land of good quality?" whispered a travelling gentleman, who had lost his voice, to a farmer leaning on his hoe.

"First rate," was the reply; "there is no better land anywhere,—we can raise anything on it."

"I wish, then," continued the old man, making a desperate attempt to speak loud, "that you would raise my voice."

Scene in a Parisian tailor's store. *Tailor*—Your clothes, sir, will be sent home this evening.

Gent.—But, my dear sir, you haven't my address or my measure.

Tailor—That's of no consequence, for the perfection of my machine renders them useless. Be kind enough to give me your baptismal name, and the thing is accomplished.

On board the Cunard steamers the church service is read every Sunday morning. The muster roll of the crew is called over, and they attend service. A gentleman, one day, said to one of the sailors:

"Are you obliged to attend public worship?"

"Not exactly *obliged*, sir," replied Jack; "but we should lose our grog if we didn't."

A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Mr. Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was.

"O, indeed," says she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *boxing his pottery* (repeating his poetry) through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nancy!' as sensible as you or I!"

A venerable doctor, who is as witty as he is benevolent, in carrying out his philanthropic schemes, has contributed largely to a new wing of a hospital for decayed gentlewomen in London. Not long since, the committee of arrangements sent down to him asking him if he would send his crest and coat of arms to be inscribed on the building. He enclosed a pill-box.

The proprietor of a restaurant in Pittsburg, has had considerable display displayed at his door, the following: "Oysters fried, roasted, and in the shell." Oysters having got out of date, he has substituted for that word "spring chickens," and the Pittsburg Union says he furnishes that delicacy in exact accordance with his announcement.

A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac Railroad. He was asked whether he knew of an accident on that road, and replied: "Never, but once; a middle-aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of *old age* at Birmingham—half way!"

A greenhorn visiting Hartford, went to see the old "Charter Oak," so famous in history. After looking at the tree for a few minutes, the verdant individual exclaimed:

"What! do you call that a Charter Oak? Why, there's lots of 'em down in the town where I came from!"

A poor actor lately applied for an engagement, stating that he had had great success as the "Good Brother," in the "Death of Abel." After hearing him go through one of the scenes, the manager slyly remarked:

"I should have thought you played Cain, for Abel is certainly *murdered* by you."

The following question is now before the Hitchabobpackwack Debating Society: "Which has ruined the most men—giving credit or getting trusted?" We should not wonder if this led to a considerable wrangle. We await the decision with much interest.

A statue of Charles the Second, erected at the Stock Market (the present site of the Mansion House), had been originally made for Sobieski, with a Turk under the horse. The Turk was changed into Oliver Cromwell, only his turban was forgotten!"

A doctor advertises in a country paper, that "whoever uses the Vegetable-Compound Universal Anti purging-Aromatic Pills once, will not have to use them again." Very likely.

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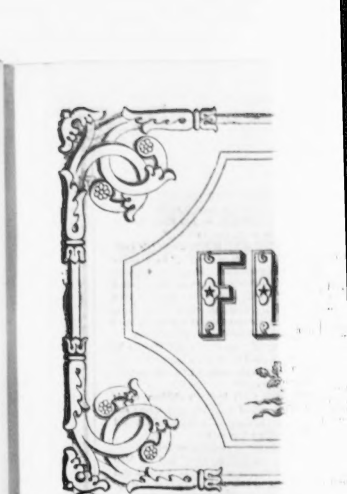

EARLY on the morning after Assad a companions had made their flights a me left one of the khans in Bagdad, and to way towards the market of the money-ch He was a dark-featured man, of repulsive though he yet seemed to be wealthy, a much assurance. In age he was surely years, but no frost was yet upon his When he reached the place he sought be for the Syndic of those who changed money and when he was informed that the Synd not arrived he sat down to wait for him.

The forenoon had well advanced, and people were about the shop of Elkader w for him. The other money-changers were their shops, but the Syndic came not. At however, when the first part of the day ha gone, Elkader appeared, and instead of accompanied by Maruf, he brought with h ass to bear his sack of money. His bro darkened, and his face showed signs of anger.

"My friends," he said, "you must not w that I am late when I explain to you the Thal dog of a slave, Maruf, has remained somewhere, and I cannot find him; and the cup of my vexation my slave Assad is tardy. For two mornings now the latter has remained away late, and I begin to fear trick of love has turned his brain."

With this explanation, the Syndic proc to open his sack, and those who had waite longest were first attended to, and as soon had met the wants of all the others he turn the strange merchant, and asked his wish.

"You have a slave named Assad?" sai merchant.

"I have such an one," replied Elkader.

"A young man, and fair of face and fo pursued the stranger.

"The same."

"I am called Califa, and I am a mer from Mosul. I have come to see if you w sell the youth to me?"

"Nay, sir, I cannot do that, for he is of worth to me than he could be to any one el

"That may not be," said Califa, "for I readily pay thee a thousand pieces of gold him."

The Syndic smiled.

"I have already been offered two thou pieces by the old Jew whom you see star yonder," he said. "Know thou that the Assad is not only quick at figures, but he is of ready wit and cunning, and every ye strely turns into my coffers more than ten sand pieces of gold. From this you can se no price within the scope of reason could chase him."

The strange merchant seemed nothing d ed, and had offered up as high as ten thou pieces of gold, when a black slave entered market and approached the place where Syndic sat. He laid upon the table a lea bag and a letter, and then went away wi speaking. The Syndic looked into the bag found it filled with gold. He then opened letter and read as follows:

"To Elkader, the Syndic.—The s who brings this will also bring you two thou pieces of gold, which sum is to pay you for y black slave Maruf, who has gone away to company Assad. I deemed it fitting that wrong should be done to you, and hence sum. As for Assad, his destiny calls him y you, and he may himself at some time re you something. God, who is most wise just, and who knoweth all things, knoweth the youth can no longer remain with thee.

"Who is Ibn Hamed al Koord?" he s savagely.

"Ibn Hamed!" uttered the strange merch turning pale. "What of him?"

"Read this letter," said Elkader, still be himself with rage and excitement.